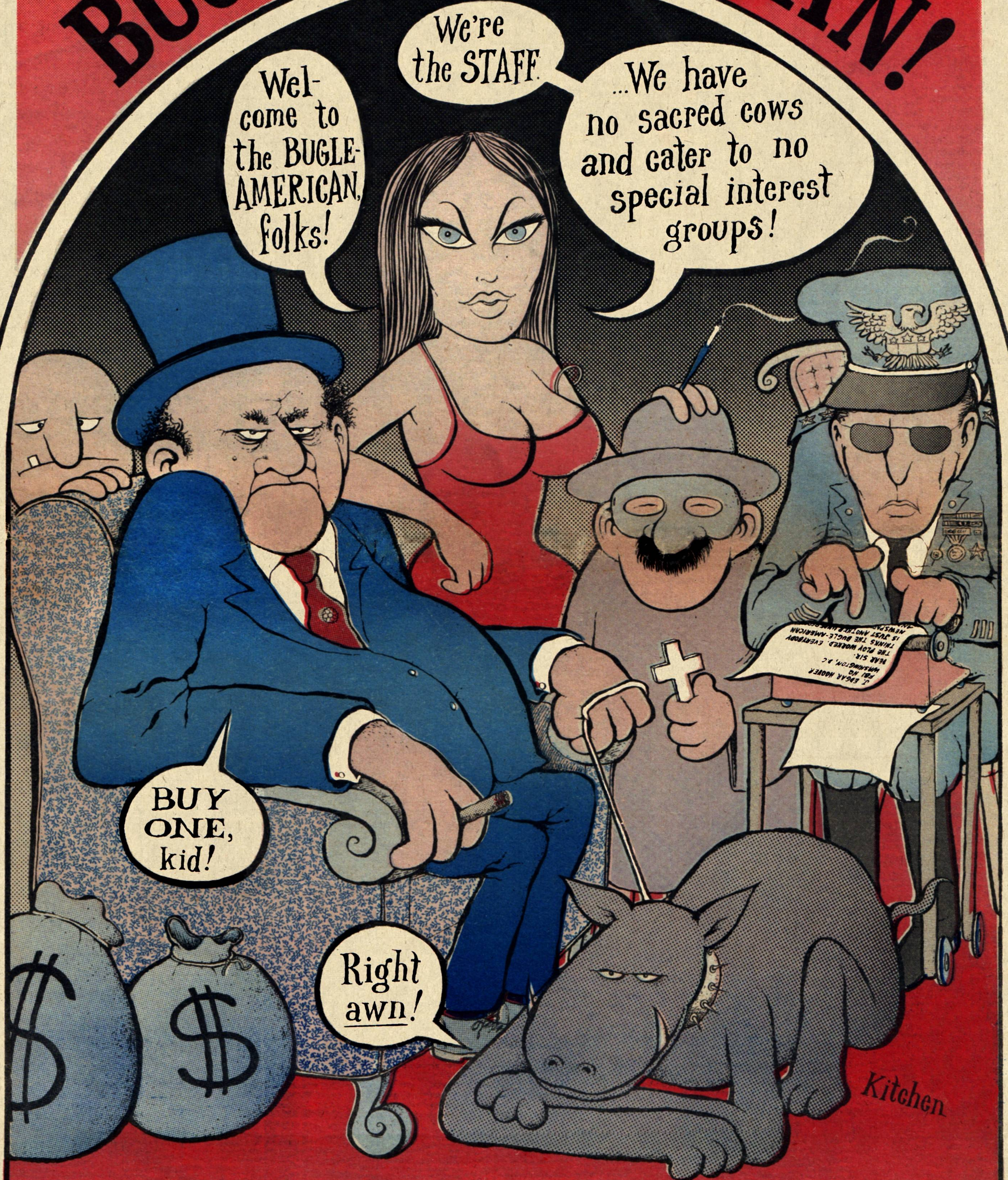


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The Madison BUGLE-AMERICAN!



FIRST ISSUE

A profile of two non-political politicians

By Dave Schreiner

The following two articles are about political losers in this year's Democratic primary election. Both men—Don Peterson and Jay Sykes—were defeated handily by their opponents.

Yet, even now, after the primary is long gone, they are of interest. Both share many things in common. Both became deeply involved in politics during Eugene McCarthy's aborted run for the throne in 1968. Both became concerned about politics because of the Vietnam War. Each was instrumental in starting the New Democratic Coalition.

And each lost.

Yet, the most important and interesting thing about Sykes and Peterson is that they are essentially non-politicians.

They are refreshing that way. If you ask them a question, they'll give you a straight answer. They are both irreverent when it comes to party politics. They did not bow or scrape to anyone during the campaign, and perhaps this is why they lost.

Both spent a tremendous amount of time, energy and money in the campaign to get their views across. Yet, both were serious candidates.

Their stories bear repeating; their views might even be called important.

Jay Sykes.. an irreverent view

In 1969, Jay Sykes went to Chicago to a meeting of the New Democratic Coalition.

While he was there he saw an old friend -- Mrs. Eugene McCarthy. During McCarthy's travels in Wisconsin in 1968, Sykes was an important figure in the campaign.

And during that time, he became good friends with Mrs. McCarthy.

So, at the NDC convention, he decided to say hello.

"She was sitting on a platform, and had this campaign smile on her face, and was waving to the people. I worked my way to the front of the crowd and waved and said hello."

"She just didn't seem to see me. She just kept sitting there, waving to nobody in particular."

"Right there," he said, "I thought to hell with it. I wouldn't run around working for anybody in politics anymore. Instead, I decided to run for something myself."

So he did.

The University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee professor decided to run for lieutenant governor of the state of Wisconsin.

"After I announced," Sykes said, "I found out that Mrs. McCarthy was nearsighted and probably couldn't see when I waved to her. But by then it was too late."

A non-politician thus threw himself into a political arena which defies most experts. Experts do not analyze politics in Wisconsin.

How do you figure a state that elected both



Jay G. Sykes

Robert LaFollette and Joseph McCarthy to the Senate? Or a city like Milwaukee, which, essentially conservative, still elected Socialist Party mayors for over 30 years and a Socialist Party member to the house of representatives in the 20's.

Or a state that can't figure out the difference between a Zimmerman and a Zimmermann?

You don't, so Sykes figured he had as good a chance as anybody to win the Democratic nomination for lieutenant governor.

As it turned out, he didn't. In fact, he finished fourth in a five-way race. But the story of his race is interesting--the story of a non-politician

who broke a lot of "rules," but who brought something of interest to a dull campaign.

For one thing, Jay Sykes kept issuing "position papers" throughout the campaign. He came out with 16 in all -- and some of them were unpopular.

For instance:

"Candidates of both parties are using the pollution issue as a 'political dodge' to avoid taking stands on controversial issues. Most candidates have decided that opposing air and water pollution is a safer strategy than talking about civil rights and civil liberties, governmental reform, aid to parochial schools, gun control and probate reform."

"It is important to oppose the pollution of our environment, but not with meaningless rhetoric... too many candidates--Democrats as well as Republicans--are unwilling, or are afraid, to take any political risk. And so they avoid committing themselves to any proposal on which there may be a division of opinion within their party or among the voters."

Releases like that are not designed to make a candidate popular with the members of his party.

Sykes also ran afoul of labor when he questioned their methods of endorsing through COPE (Committee on Political Education). After endorsing, only COPE candidates can speak at union meetings.

Sykes also accused the AFL-CIO of political blackmail" because "every candidate who appeared before COPE was asked whether, if endorsed by COPE, he would agree to support only those candidates for other offices who were also endorsed by COPE. The implication was clear that if such a pledge were not given by the candidate the endorsement would be withheld."

That made him unpopular with labor unions.

Sykes also recommended that the state flag be changed: "It's a hodgepodge now. It surely doesn't represent the state. Coal mining and lumber aren't industries here anymore."

In its stead, Sykes designed a flag of a beaver dressed in overalls and on water skis with a chain saw under one arm, books under the other, a fishing creel strapped to its side, with water in the background.

Donald Peterson.. a maverick

"I have 200,000 matchbooks here. That should mean something. How many votes are there in 200,000 matchbooks?"

--Patrick Lucey (quoted in the Capitol Times)

"The traditional campaign cannot be maintained. This is going to be a grass roots campaign, but I'm not going to talk down to the voters. I think they're smart enough to make an intelligent decision if you talk with some intelligence to them."

--Donald O. Peterson

Patrick Lucey won the primary.

He probably did not do it on 200,000 matchbooks, but with a heavy media campaign and the support of Democratic Party regulars and "official labor."

Donald Peterson lost because--why?

Possibly because he did not have the "official labor" support. That is, COPE supported Lucey.

Possibly because he is too much of a maverick.

Possibly because his volunteers were not the relatively sophisticated workers that Lucey has.

And, possibly, because Donald O. Peterson--like Eugene McCarthy, the man he was campaign manager for in Wisconsin in 1968--is too low-key to come across in a person-to-person relationship.

A talk with Don Peterson is an intellectual exercise. He is not overbearing or extremely political or evasive.

He answers your questions directly. If you ask him an "embarrassing" political question, he'll answer it, with candor.

He does not pound tables when he speaks. He keeps his political rhetoric to a minimum. He is not easily excited.

But he is determined. He has convictions. And he does have a sense of humor, and a sense of style.

Officially, he is a vice-president of a frozen food concern in Eau Claire. Actually, Don Peterson is a pizza salesman.

Early in his campaign--before he announced that he was running for governor--he would plug his pizzas in speeches to party faithfuls.

But with the commercial came some honest thoughts about how the state and nation was run.

Some of the changes that Peterson wants are:

--An end to the war in Vietnam and Indochina.

"I'm not a pacifist (he flew 39 missions on a bomber in World War II) but this war is senseless and has saddled us with inflation and other wartime economy effects. This is a state issue, because approximately \$3 billion of our tax dollars from this state go to the war each year. So far, Wisconsin's people have not adequately understood the effects of this war on their paychecks."

"Many of them are angry at welfare mothers,"

His sarcasm also came through when he started recommending groups of his own.

"It's traditional that organizations endorse candidates. It seems reasonable that candidates can reverse the process and endorse organizations." He gave his seal of approval to the Wisconsin Civil Liberties Union, the NAACP, the League of Women Voters, the Defenders of Animals and the United World Federalists, among others.

Again, his irreverent humor probably was not appreciated.

During the campaign leading up to the primary, Sykes was his own campaign. He delivered ads, wrote his releases, drove hundreds of miles to give speeches.

He also refused to be a part of any dinners, coffee meetings, or bean feeds.

"One thing I definitely can promise the voters is won't make anyone suffer through a dinner of rubber chicken and soggy vegetables to hear me speak. Besides, those things give me indigestion."

"And they just don't serve any useful purpose. Why should I alienate prospective voters by making them sit through one of those dinners?"

So it went throughout the campaign. Sykes did not shake hands at factory gates. He did not stay with safe issues, like pollution; but addressed himself to many issues. He was accessible.

And he lost.

Recently, while in Madison, Sykes admitted that he "wouldn't be overly disappointed" if he lost. He doubted if other candidates--especially the gubernatorial candidate--would feel much remorse if he lost.

"If I am elected, I don't intend to be a yes-man for the governor. If I differ in opinion with him, I'll say so. If I think he's wrong, I'll say so. I think they all know that," he said.

While he was speaking, he was driving his car through downtown Madison, looking for a place to park.

Finally, after about a half hour of negotiating, he said: "I don't think I want to be elected. There aren't any parking places in Madison."

It sounded like a joke, but Sykes meant it.

And that's the way Sykes is. The campaign followed the man.



he said. "If they only understood that welfare costs are just a tiny fraction of the state's expense, they might begin to search for other causes why their taxes are ballooning."

--Pollution.

In this area, Peterson took time out from his personal-style campaign to recently start a citizen's suit with five other Wisconsin residents against the Fort Howard Paper Co. in Green Bay.

"This is the first time the really large polluters have been hit," he said at the time. "There are more paper companies in the Fox River Valley (where Green Bay is located) than in any other place in the state. According to the Department of Natural Resources, the paper companies are the largest single polluters in the state."

"This is our--yours and mine--water that they pollute."

"It has to be stopped--fast," he said.

Peterson and his five companions still have the case in court.

--The 18-year-old vote.

(Turn to page 3, col. 1)

Tenant Union battles landlords

MTU goal is tenant ownership of homes

By Michael Jacobi

Last February, the largest rent strike in the history of Madison began. Before it was over, nearly \$18,000 had been withheld from one local landlord. The action resulted in a conspiracy lawsuit for nearly \$200,000 and a counter-suit alleging rent-fixing by 39 Madison landlords.

When a Madison insurance agent acquired the Vera Court apartments in late June, he did not count on a tenant revolt in reaction to his inconsistent policy of rent hikes. By mid-August he had sold the complex.

Last week, a UW professor became the first local landlord to agree to a leasing arrangement which includes mandatory deduction of union dues and binding arbitration with tenants to settle disputes.

One of the prime forces in each of these incidents has been the Madison Tenant's Union. (MTU). And local landlords are discovering that the MTU

getting away from our strictly-student image."

There are now seven locals throughout the city. Six are organized around private landlords, and the other, perhaps the most autonomous, is composed of tenants at Truax Park, one of Madison's public housing projects. Each local elects a steward who represents them on the 10-member MTU executive board. Board members are elected each year and are responsible for setting union-wide policy.

Kannel recalled that the first landlord the MTU tried to bargain with was James T. Devine, Sr., architect of Devine Towers at 626 Langdon St. The Tower, as it is usually called, was completed this summer.

"Devine never would deal with us," Kannel said. "He doesn't even like to admit we exist."

Kannel said the union objected to what they considered excessive rents planned for the Tower (\$225 to \$285 per month, he said), and Devine's policy of collecting rent for an entire year in advance.

"We also wanted him to accept the MTU as bargaining agent for his tenants,

equity clause in agreements with landlords that would provide for 10 percent ownership of a property by MTU after it is paid for. That way, the tenants, through the union, would own part of the house they live in," Ball said.

So far, no landlords have agreed to the equity clause.

One Madison landlord, Dr. Richard Heins, has, however, agreed to a lease with the MTU which provides for 1) rent withholding if the landlord is negligent in some way; 2) an automatic deduction of one dollar for MTU dues each month from the rent of each tenant covered by the lease; and 3) binding arbitration between the landlord and the union to settle a tenant-landlord dispute.

Kannel said the lease will cover all properties owned by Heins, a UW professor, in the central city area. He estimated that several hundred tenants would be involved.

The most far-reaching action yet taken by the MTU, however, is the rent strike begun last February against landlord Phillip Engen.

"The three main things we were seeking from Engen," Ball said, "were recognition of the union as a bargaining agent, rent reductions (the union first asked for a 15 percent reduction, then lowered the request to five percent), and return of tenant's security deposits."

"We never even came close to an agreement," he added.

Kannel estimated that at various times during the strike, between 60 and 120 tenants were withholding rent. Nearly \$18,000 was withheld and placed in an escrow account in a Canadian bank. (Only about \$13,000 now remains, since some has been paid to Engen.)

"We collected the rent in February that the tenants would normally have paid Engen for May through August (Engen collects quarterly, three months in advance)," Kannel explained.

Engen, who heads the Be-Enco Corporation, a real estate firm, responded to the strike on May 8 with a lawsuit against about 90 tenants and parents of students and the MTU. In it he sought \$17,658.67 in back rents, and \$150,000 in compensatory and punitive damages.

He accused the MTU of "malicious and false statements" against him, and claimed they conspired to seize his property, and "illegally attempted to extort a collective bargaining agreement and a master lease" from him.

On August 15, the MTU filed a counter-suit against Engen and 39 other local landlords claiming they conspired

to fix rent prices and lease conditions in Madison and to create monopoly market positions in the city.

The counter-suit was based on the Sherman anti-trust act, and state monopoly and conspiracy laws. It seeks \$540 in damages for everyone named in the suit, based on rental prices which they contend are \$15 per month higher than they would be if there were no rent-fixing.

Several hearings in the lawsuits were held in Circuit Court here over the summer, and on Oct. 8 the MTU is scheduled to appear to present evidence for their suit.

Meanwhile, an MTU boycott of all Engen properties is in effect, and all those involved in the rent strike have moved from Engen apartments, Kannel said.

"Actually this whole thing is bigger than a lawsuit now," Ball said, "It's into the whole question of whether tenants have the right to unionize."

The MTU has also been negotiating for several months with William T. Bandy, the landlord who has been well-publicized recently for his hassle with some tenants (The collective — the tenants refuse to identify themselves for fear of being taken to court) in four buildings in the 400 block of West Mifflin St. (Miffland).

Bandy bought the four buildings from gubernatorial candidate Patrick Lucey in July. Since then he has raised the rent and carried on a running battle with the Mifflanders (who have made it quite clear that they are not about to be evicted and have made no secret of stockpile of armaments).

Recently, Bandy threatened to rent the houses to a local motorcycle gang and let them chase the present tenants out, but then changed his mind. Most recently he collected the local media and announced he had raised the rent in his Miffland holdings to \$1,000 per minute.

The MTU, said Ball, is acting as mediator and advisor only in the Miffland dispute and has no official connection. He added, however, that the Bandy local would be reorganized this fall.

Of the three remaining locals, one on the west side — Westhill Park — under the ownership of the Property Investment Co. is "pretty much in the organizational stages," according to Kannel, and the one at Truax Park is "the most self-organized local we've ever had." (A separate story on this tenant group will appear next week.)

(turn to page 9, col. 3)

*"The landlord ends up with the property
and the tenant ends up with nothing"*

is becoming a powerful force in the city.

The MTU began in the spring of 1969 when a group of UW students and people from the community decided it was time to "do something about the speculative landlords and soaring rents in the city," Jeff Kannel, one of the original organizers of the union said a few days ago.

"We spent most of the spring and summer just talking about how to approach the problem of landlords, deciding how to organize tenants and what to emphasize," he said. At first we had decided to organize around blocks and neighborhoods, but it didn't take us long to figure out that it was not an effective way to organize.

"So we switched to organizing around specific landlords. And that is proving effective."

The tenant union is organized around the principles of labor unions, and has an estimated membership of about 1,300 in the city, Kannel said. About two-thirds are students.

"Our membership last spring was mostly students," he explained, "but we picked up quite a few non-student members over the summer. We're

but he even refused a certified letter we sent him this summer," he said.

The MTU picketed the Tower in mid-summer, and Kannel said Devine has since lowered his rent (to \$175 to \$270 per month) and changed his rent collection policy to quarterly installments. Kannel also asserts that a union boycott against Devine has forced him to advertise more heavily than normal.

Devine, contacted this weekend about the boycott and MTU, would only say, "I have no comment on anything I have no interest in. I don't wish to say anything about it."

The boycott is still in effect.

Philip Ball, an MTU executive board member, said the prime objective of the MTU is tenant ownership of the houses in which they live.

"Many landlords get rich by speculating. They buy up old properties for, say, \$2,000 down, and then end up paying them off with the rent that their tenants pay them," Ball said. "The landlord ends up with the property, and the tenant ends up with nothing."

"What we're trying for now is an

Peterson....

(from page 2, col. 3)

During his campaign, Peterson sent a letter to Gov. Warren Knowles asking that a special session of the legislature be called in order that a referendum on the 18-year-old vote could be placed on the ballot.

In his letter—to which he didn't get a reply—Peterson wrote that "by making this a question of bi-partisan concern at a special session, you would be saying more to our youth than all of the political rhetoric of both parties."

"It would be demonstrating to them that we, as political leaders and elected officials, want them to actively participate in the political process."

—The University Of Wisconsin

At the same time that he asked for the 18-year-old vote, Peterson said that the "greatest institution in our state, the University of Wisconsin, is diminishing in prestige. The greatest reason for this, he said, "is because the university has abrogated some of its leadership to radical elements."

Continuing, Peterson said that the legislature has also hurt the university by "overreacting everytime something happens. We do not need further laws to keep our university open. We have the mechanism now to take care of it. The worst thing we can do is over-react."

When the bombing occurred at the U.W., Pet-

erson made a plea for calm, and asked prospective students and their parents not to be intimidated by the explosion.

He also asked that the university enlarge its campus police force and "take the necessary steps to protect the institution."

Thus Don Peterson, 45-years-old, tall and not really a politician.

Peterson campaigned in a mini-bus throughout the primary because of his "grass roots" strategy that worked for McCarthy in Wisconsin in 1968.

Before the primary, he said, "Right now, with a lack of money but a good organization, we're doing fine. After the primary, we should be able to get a lot more money. Then we'll have a media campaign. Right now, it's important that I get to meet the man in the street."

"Besides," he continued, "television is a wonderful medium, but it's cold. It cannot replace interpersonal relationships. You have to get out and campaign, and listen to what the people say."

That's an odd statement from Peterson—who many thought was created by television.

The Eau Claire businessman first rose to fame through television. In 1968, at the Democratic National Convention, he led the Wisconsin delegation pledged to Eugene McCarthy in an effort to stop the convention because of "what's happening in the streets."

Peterson was the tall red-haired man who was

continually being gavelled down for being "out of order."

He also led a march in Chicago during convention week, protesting what he felt was a police riot and what he felt was the heavy-handed political tactics of Mayor Richard Daley and the convention leaders.

And, in 1968, he became an instant hero -- to both the young and adults. He stood up for what he believed in, and lo and behold, he was in middle age and had short hair.

Later on, he helped form the New Democratic Coalition -- whose principal aim was to "make the Democratic Party more democratic." He was national chairman for a year.

He became so heavily involved, and emerged as one of the few rational men at the convention in 1968, because of his son.

His son is eligible for the draft, and Peterson didn't exactly go for the Vietnam War. So he became state campaign chairman for McCarthy, and led the delegation to Chicago.

He came out of the convention angrier than ever, and finally decided to run for state-wide office.

But he lost, and immediately swung his support to Lucey.

Still relevancy is important to Don Peterson. He is a political maverick. If the emperor shows up without any clothes on, Don Peterson will probably be one of the first to say so.

But he'll say it in his low-key, quiet style.

An introduction

For the past few months, we've been telling people that we're going to start a new paper called the Bugle-American.

Most of them shudder and become suspicious that we might be dangerous people representing the right, the left, the revolution, the reaction, or (gasp) the Jaycees.

After the initial reaction come two basic questions:

1. "What's your politics?"
2. "How are you financed?"

There are other questions, but those two everybody asks.

What are our politics? That varies with who's doing the writing. Our paper does not have a cut-and-dried editorial policy. Our idea is that you get the best job by letting the writer or artist do the job the way he thinks is best.

Each article reflects the work of the writer, and no one else. We don't have any editorials as such. Rather, we have signed opinions and signed opinion articles by our various full-time writers.

As far as the actual opinions of our writers go, we all like to think of ourselves as rational human beings. Probably the best way to describe the philosophy of our staff is "humanistic."

Don't categorize us with tags of left, right or center, because those labels just won't stick. To some, we will be "nice liberals." To others, reactionaries.

Some will call us raving lunatic leftists. Others will wonder why we don't use a "k" instead of a "c" in American.

While the paper itself does not have an opinion, the writers certainly do. We can promise you we won't be wishy-washy, dull or non-controversial. We also won't spew rhetoric, be the organ for special interest groups, or puke out political dogma for you to digest.

The Bugle American is not an underground paper. Nor is it a straight "establishment" paper. We are not the special voice of anybody.

We are, however, a weekly magazine, ready to take you in-depth on things you've heard about, ready to give you an opinion -- and perhaps most important, ready to listen.

How are we financed? By ourselves.

The basic Bugle-American staff is made up of people who've made their way in the "established" press, and have saved money from it. We came here, not out of any political axe to grind, but because we have certain ideas about journalism.

We agree that there are a lot of tense, grim, strange and stupid things going on. But there are also many funny, fun, bright and humorous things going on.

We think a paper should be tough about covering the grim subjects and im-

portant ideas floating around -- and you will see reports about these things in the Bugle-American.

However, you will also see light and humorous things. We'll bring you in-depth reports about the community, examine issues, talk about records and movies and books, and introduce you to some interesting people.

We're going to provide you an alternative, a new slant. We'll go behind the scenes and present a complete picture. Not fragments. Not only what we want you to know.

That's why we're here. That's our "gimmick."

How can you get "in" this dynamic, new paper.

For one thing, we'll be glad to have other people helping us out with stories, photography (especially photography) and artwork.

Right now, we won't be able to pay anything, but once the paper gets going we'll be able to pay a small amount for articles and photos.

We can't pay anything right now, but we can provide you with an excellent platform for your work. Unlike other papers, we won't take your stories and cram them into tiny columns, jammed together with 10 others on a page, weaving in and out of ads and other things.

We lay out the pages like a magazine, mostly because it looks good that way.

Obviously, we can't use everything submitted to us. We're basically a small, magazine-type paper. What we need the most are stories about something, using specifics. What we need the least is generalized opinion articles.

However, there are really no limits to what we might use. We'll be glad to take a look at what you've got, and we'll either use it or return it to you right away. We'd particularly like some good photography, even if it isn't related to anything in particular.

One very important thing: we'd like people to come to our offices at 550 State St. and give us story ideas, or just give views about how you think the paper could be improved.

Another good way to help--and at the same time become wealthy, happy, and financially independent -- is to sell the paper. We give you ten cents for each one you sell, and you don't have to pay for any you don't sell.

The next paper comes out Friday, Sept. 25, and after that, we come out every Friday. To hawk the paper, come up to the office any time after noon Friday, or from 1 to 5 p.m. any day except Sunday.

Letter policy



All letters should be typed or legibly handwritten. No unsigned letters will be published, but names will be withheld upon request. Letters should be kept as short as possible; we reserve the right to edit letters for length.

The BUGLE-AMERICAN

"Never blow retreat"

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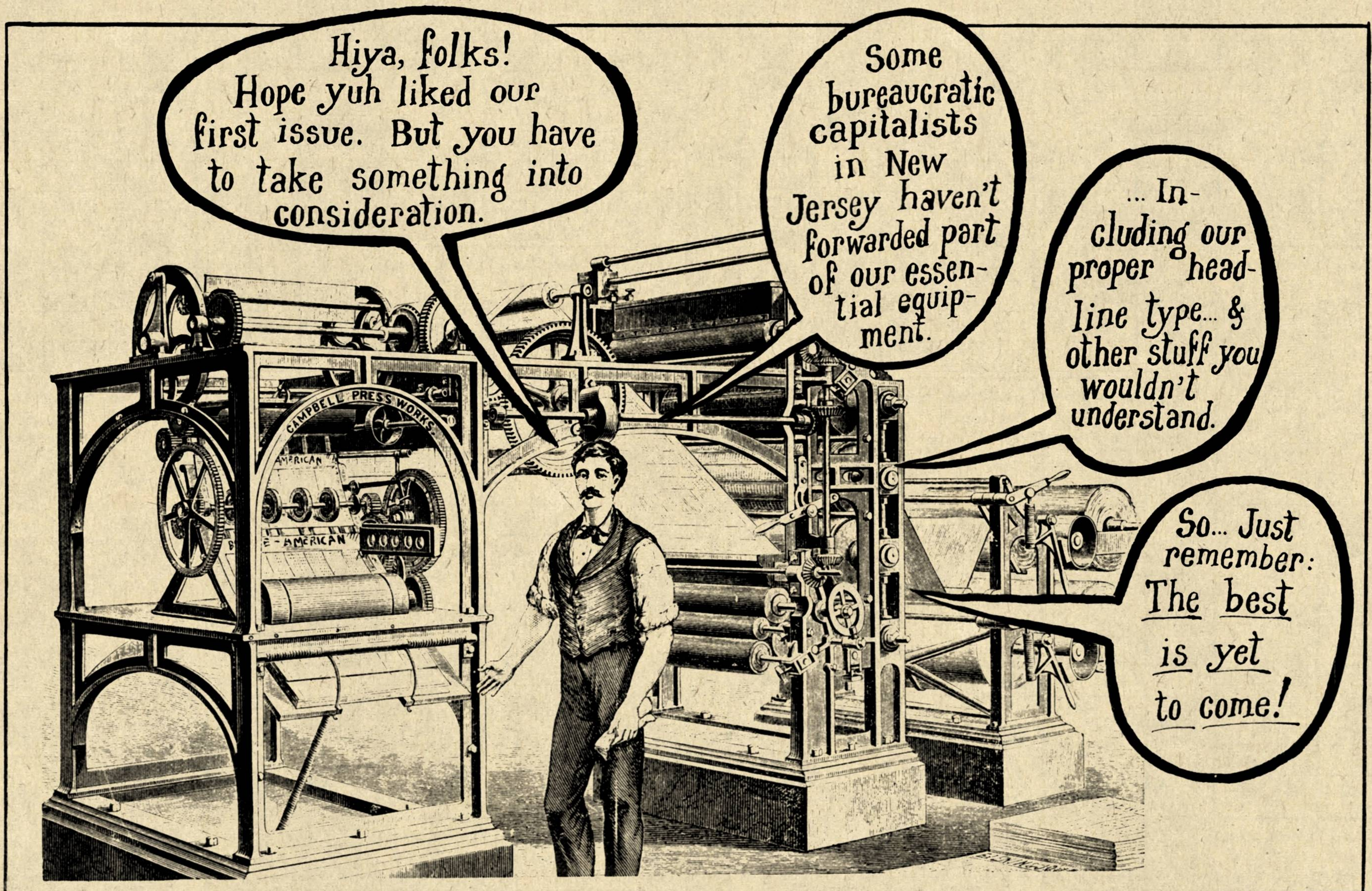
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The comic tragedy surrounding the war

Vietnam review...

By Mike Hughes

"We must be willing to continue our bombing until we have destroyed every work of man in North Vietnam, if this is what it takes to win the war."

— Gen. Curtis LeMay

"It became necessary to destroy the town to save it."

— an unidentified Army major

"I think that our effort is not appreciated.... If our aims were better understood, our effort would be more appreciated."

— Richard M. Nixon

A little book called 'Quotations Vietnam: 1945-1970' is one of the funniest, saddest, most delightful, most frightening things you'll ever read.

It's black comedy at its best. Better than Catch 22, better than M.A.S.H., better than Dr. Strangelove.

And it's non-fiction.

The book is nothing more than an endless series of quotations. Over 500 of them, quoting everyone from Madame Nhu to Spiro T. Agnew.

You've probably heard many of the quotes before. But packed together in one small book, they become much funnier, much sadder.

Here are some examples of the sort of quotes you can find:

The impending victory

1951: "There is no question that the Communist menace in French Indo-China has been stopped."

— Gen. J. Lawton Collins

1953: "We should all like to think the war there might be successfully concluded by the next calendar year."

— John Foster Dulles

1954: "If the Communists continue to suffer the losses they have been taking, I don't know how they can stay in the battle."

— Gen. Paul Ely

1954: "(The war can be won) without bringing in one single American soldier to fight."

— Gen. John W. O'Daniel

1957: "We have exactly 342 men, the number allowed by the Geneva Armistice Conference. It would be a breeze if we had more."

— Gen. Samuel T. Williams

1963: "The corner definitely has been turned toward victory in Vietnam."

— Arthur Sylvester

(Ass't. Secretary of Defense)

1963: "I can safely say that the end of the war is in sight."

— Gen. Paul D. Harkins

1966: "The tide of battle has turned."

— Hubert Humphrey

1967: "I have never been more encouraged in my four years in Vietnam."

— Gen. William C. Westmoreland

1968: "The enemy has been defeated at every turn."

— Gen. William C. Westmoreland

1968: "There is growing hope for an end to this war, perhaps sooner than many yet dare to think."

— Robert Komer

(Administrator of the pacification program)

May 3, 1970: "They have been in a war for years and years and they are quite decimated, and I don't think they are capable with any kind of resistance of continuing this fight."

— Spiro T. Agnew

Now, why is it that I don't feel encouraged

The domino theory at work

Dwight Eisenhower explained that if we lost Vietnam, we would also lose Burma and Thailand.

John Foster Dulles said that if we lost Vietnam, we would also lose Burma, Thailand, Indonesia, the Philippines, Australia, and New Zealand.

Thomas Dewey added Japan.

Richard Nixon went still further: "Encouraged by our retreat, the Communists will increase their aggressive action, not only in Asia, but in Africa, Latin America, and the Near East."

Thomas Dodd topped that: "If we fail to draw the line in Vietnam, we may find ourselves compelled to draw a defense line as far back as Seattle and Alaska, with Hawaii as a solitary outpost in mid-Pacific."

And Richard Nixon outdid that: "If the war in Vietnam is lost...the right of free speech will be extinguished throughout the world."

But Francis Cardinal Spellman topped them all: "American troops are...the salvation...of civilization itself."

In a few short years, we advanced from saving Thailand and Burma to being the salvation of civilization. I think that's very nice.

Our purpose there

As told by Lyndon Johnson:

"Our purpose in Vietnam is to join in the defense and protection of freedom of a brave people.



As told by Richard Nixon:

"No people in the annals of time made greater sacrifices in a more selfless cause than the American people sacrificed for the right of eighteen million people in a faraway land to avoid the imposition of Communist rule against their will."

As told by Nguyen Ky, Vice-president of South Vietnam:

"The Americans are here to protect their interests...and not because they have any particular concern about us."

Maybe Mr. Ky was listening to the wrong speeches.

The wholesome war

"The American attitude toward the war is wholesome," Gen. Westmoreland announced.

"I think that history will record that this may have been one of America's finest hours," Richard Nixon pointed out.

About three months later, former Private Paul Meadlo had a statement. He said that the Americal Division had massacred over 100 men, women, children and babies at My Lai.

Five days after that, the Americal Division Chaplain stated: "We should be proud of our country because the Americal Division rules of engagement are based on Judeo-Christian traditions."

Our noble allies

In 1965, William Bundy, an Assistant Secretary of State, said: "The Vietnamese military forces continue to fight well. Our own military men consider most of them as tough and brave as any in the world."

Some of our own military men didn't concur. Sp4 James Farmer said: "The only good Dink is a dead Dink."

Capt. Edwin Shank, an Air Force pilot, said: "They are a menace to have on board."

Ngo Dinh Diem was overthrown and assassinated by his countrymen, after countless accusations that he was a monumentally corrupt dictator.

Before the overthrow, Americans made various comments about Mr. Diem:

"Another great figure, and the entire free world has become richer for his example of determination and moral fortitude."

— Walter Robertson

(an Assistant Secretary of State)

"I do not exaggerate when I say that your friends everywhere have derived great inspiration from the successes which have marked the first two years of Ngo Dinh Diem's administration."

— Richard Nixon

"A man history may yet judge as one of the great figures of the twentieth century."

— Robert Wagner

(Mayor of New York City)

Anywhere, any time

Lyndon B. Johnson stated the following: "I am ready to go anywhere any time, and meet

with anyone whenever there is promise of progress toward an honorable peace."

North Vietnam said they would be glad to meet in Yugoslavia.

Lyndon B. Johnson said no, he wouldn't meet in Yugoslavia. And besides, he didn't like the shape of the bargaining table.

Hubert Humphrey explained: "What everybody understood the President to mean was that the United States would go to a place that would be conducive to an honorable discussion."

So that's the sort of things you can find in the book. It's a million laughs or a million tears or maybe both.

The man who put it together is William Effros, a 28-year-old Philadelphia man who owns a management consultant firm.

Effros didn't exactly knock himself out writing material for the book. His entire contribution consists of the following: "The quotes selected for this book represent samples of all published viewpoints on the Vietnam conflict. Quotes are in context and reflect the views of the speaker at the time he made the statement."

Yet he's created one of the most important books I've seen.

It's an effective commentary on Vietnam. Unfolding, quote by quote, page by page, is all the bungling and bumbling and folly that added up to a monumental tragedy.

But it really tells about much more than just Vietnam. Because the things that led to Vietnam have led to so many other government mistakes. They're all there in the book and plain to see: 'Experts' blinded by their own biases, straining to see something that isn't there. Politicians hiding under a smokescreen of rhetoric. Great issues reduced to simple sloganism. 'Liberals' hiding out when the issue is an unpopular one. A de-emphasis of 'People policies.'

It's all there. Effros has created the anatomy of a folly. It should warn us about other follies.

Anyway, I'll give one more example:

The great, secret plan

In 1966, Richard Nixon said of President Johnson: "He owes it to the people to come clean and tell them exactly what the plans are, the people should be told now, and not after the elections."

In 1968, Richard Nixon said that if he was elected, he would end the war. Hubert Humphrey said that if he had a plan to end the war, he should reveal it. Richard Nixon replied as follows: "Let's not destroy the chances for peace with some mouthful of words from some irresponsible candidate."

In 1970, Richard Nixon's secret plan is still a secret.

Some people are getting a little cynical about it. One advertisement said: "They've got an invisible program to end an undeclared war backed by a silent majority."

But don't be cynical. Spiro T. Agnew said the Communists can't last much longer. Remember?

And besides, on Nov. 5, 1969, Nguyen Ky said the following: "At the end of 1970, we will replace all American combat troops."

Isn't that encouraging?

State street shop specializes in the occult

By Judy Jacobi

Tony and Len's Barber Shop used to be at 434 State Street. They might have moved elsewhere, retired, or conceded that now is not the time to make a killing in cuts and trims. So, last spring scissors, razors and shaving cream were replaced with incense, herbs, tarot cards and other signs of the occult when Sanctum Oeneus Ltd. moved in.

Owners Bob and Starel Leysen have been operating the store since June 7. Ironically, Starel opened the shop one day when her husband went to get a haircut. Due to a truck strike, the store was only one-fourth stocked. But so many people had come by the store to ask when it was going to open, that Starel decided it was time to open their doors.

Both Starel and Bob are students of the occult, and had difficulty finding the proper things they needed for their interest. Unless they made a trip to Chicago or used mail order houses some items were impossible to get either in Madison or Milwaukee. The Leysens also knew there were others in Madison who had an

interest in the occult and had no way to fulfill it. For example, Starel said that just finding a good quality black candle involved running around the city for a day or two.

Not only does Sanctum Oeneus provide a place to buy things in the area of the occult, but those interested in talking about such things as magic, witchcraft, I Ching, tarot, hypnotism and palmistry are encouraged to "come in and rap." Starel has even started an information file so that people with the same interests can get together, and she can recommend specialists in a certain area of the occult.

Atmosphere of mysticism

Although Starel said there were times she thought they'd never get the barbershop look out and the occult in, the Leysens have done an impressive job. They have created an atmosphere of quiet mysticism in black and red. Everything from the black beamed ceilings to the soft red carpet was done entirely by the Leysens, who spent six weeks, 18 to 20 hours a day "building" the store.

Last week I followed Starel to

the far end of Sanctum Oeneus where we sat on an oriental rug and talked about the occult in general. Starel sat opposite me dressed in a decollete lavender floor-length dress, barefoot except for a metal foot ornament. Hanging from a dog collar wire around her neck was a large pentacle, which is a star formed from two interlocking triangles. She explained that a pentacle is protection against sorcery and witchcraft; and that since three is considered a perfect number by occultists, her pentacle was a powerful talisman.

"The occult is not a humble religion," Starel said. "It realizes the worth and power of the individual. I think this is why young people today are embracing it. They are tired of organized religion which forced the individual to sublimate himself."

No heaven or hell

Starel strongly asserts that there is no such thing as heaven or hell. She also believes in reincarnation, which she says is basic to all people who believe in the occult.

"Witches," she said, "believe

Everything from candles to Dragon's blood

Are you in the market for a skull? A dagger? Black candles? Or Dragon's Blood, Devil's Bit, or Sea Lettuce Spirit?

Sanctum Oeneus is probably the only place in Madison where you can buy an authentic-looking ceramic skull, or if you like, candle skulls in black, green and red for \$2. And if you're looking for a dagger or sword, a section of the wall as you walk into the store is devoted to them. In fact, if there's anything you want related to the occult, Sanctum Oeneus has it, or will order it for you.

The store has the largest selection of herbs in the city. There are over 120 varieties, all organically grown. Sanctum Oeneus caters to those who use herbs for health reasons and those using them for magical or ritual purposes.

Dragon's Blood is burned at midnight to uncross a person; Devil's Bit is worn around the neck to drive away evil spirits; and Sea Lettuce Spirit brings good luck wherever a small piece of this herb is kept in a narrow bottle with a bit of alcohol. Ginseng is a root that is ingested and claimed to be a cure-all for ills.

Patchouli oil, which comes from a plant, is the most popular scent in the store. "We can't keep enough on the shelf," said Starel Leysen, store owner. "It's the only scent we have in a full ounce." (Others are sold in quarter ounces.)

One customer was heard saying that her roommates couldn't stand the smell of Patchouli, but her boyfriend "digs it because he thinks it smells like dope." Actually, Patchouli is used in magic for sexual attraction, but Starel is "sure that most people aren't aware of its significance."

Sanctum Oeneus also has various pieces of Egyptian art that are found nowhere else in Madison. All are reproductions of originals with the history accompanying each piece. Many of the original objects are in the Louvre in Paris. Since the Egyptians are considered to be the original occultists, only Egyptian art is sold in the store.

Charms, talismans and seals are made to order by Starel, taking into

account the individual's sun sign and purpose, such as good luck, travel, or friendship. For example, if someone feels they are being threatened by black magic, they may ask Starel to design something for them to counteract it. Starel is now in the process of making chains with stones for each sign of the Zodiac. She said that some stones, such as the Lapis Lazuli, used by Egyptians to develop a third eye, are very difficult to get.

Some items are being ordered from a professional organization in England called the Metaphysical Research Group. Ordered are such things as crystal balls, seance trumpets, and electric hypnotic inducers. One interesting item is a pair of goggles with different colored lenses. Starel said, "These enable 95 out of 100 people to view the human aura. This is an electric magnetic field that surrounds each person, giving clues to his state of health, personality traits, and character development. Usually only people who are psychics or clairvoyants can see the human aura."

Almost everything in Sanctum Oeneus is black, red or white, since these are the only colors called for in magic rites. Tapers in these colors are solid color and double dipped, ranging in length from six to 28 inches.

There are also many different kinds of tarot cards sold in the store. Since tarot cards are influenced by personal magnetism and can pick up bad vibrations, they are kept in a white pine box. Which repels "bad vibes". No one except the reader is supposed to touch the cards and Starel said she was appalled once when she went into a store and asked to see tarot cards and the salesman held the deck.

Other instruments of the occult in the store include ouija boards (not the commercial Parker Brothers variety, Yarrow stalks for casting I Ching, a large selection of incense and pipes. There are also books for those mildly interested in the occult to heavy esoteric volumes. One can buy How to Attract Good Luck for \$2, or The Werewolf for \$10.

As Starel says, the store doesn't subscribe to an elitist philosophy—they have things for people at all levels. So if you're not a warlock, a witch, or you don't have ESP, don't be afraid to walk in, the spirits are friendly.



Hundreds of people come to Miss LaMain.

They want to know everything from what type of old age benefits they need, to advice on whether they should marry a go-go dancer.

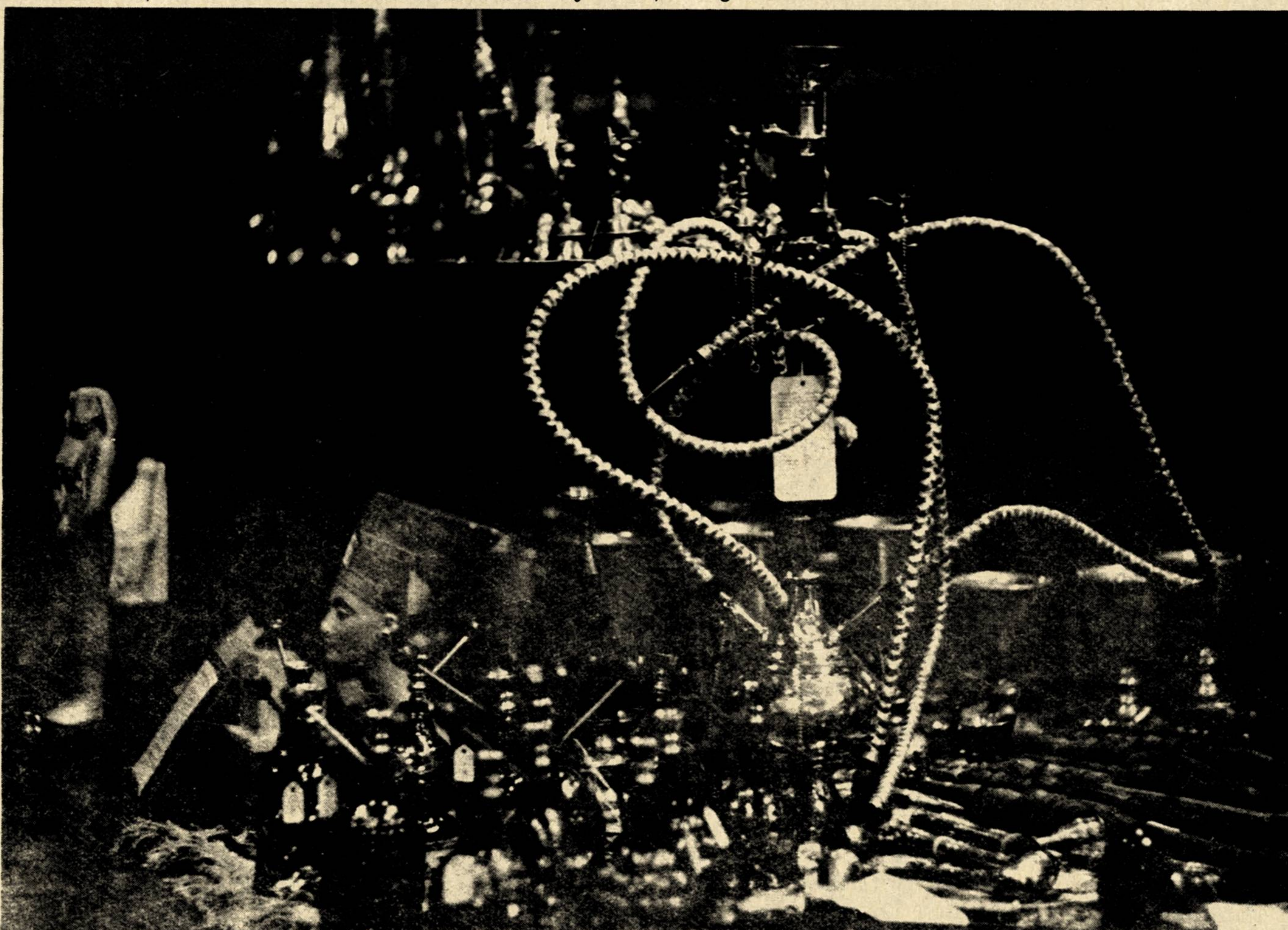
Some questions she can answer; others she can't. It all depends on the inquirer's hands. For Miss LaMain has been reading palms for 20 years. Most recently she has been doing readings at Sanctum Oeneus, a State Street occult shop here, on Wednesday nights. In the two months she has been there she has read over 100 palms.

Not really knowing what to expect, I went to have my own palm read one night. I was a little nervous, and remember wondering at the last minute if my hands looked as damp as they felt and if I had clean finger nails.

As I walked around the store, a short-haired, middle aged woman wearing glasses and dressed in a modest blue and white striped suit asked if she could help me. Could this "unmystical" person be Miss LaMain? She was.

We went to the back of the room where she sat adjacent to me at a card table with a magnifying glass and a study lamp. Miss LaMain told me to shake my hands for a few seconds, and then smiled and told me to relax. I laid my hands face up on the table as she studied them carefully.

"You seem to have been moving, or travelling quite a bit," she said.



The twisting arms of a hookah branch over occult paraphernalia.

mystic to Madison

that if they obey their goddess in this lifetime, they will be reincarnated into a life with their own group (witches). If they disobey their goddesses, they will again be born into a life with strangers (those other than witches)."

She added that magicians differ from witches because they believe that God is present in everyone, and everyone is present in God. By performing rituals and rites, we become one with God, she said, adding that this is a basic belief in most aspects of the occult.

There is no devil worship involved in any of the groups practicing the occult in Madison, according to Starel. "Naturally, a few people have come into the shop and accused us of devil worship," she said. "But we realize that in this business we run the risk of offending some religious views. We try not to offend anyone, whether what they believe is our bag or not. It's not easy when you're dealing in philosophies or religion."

Witchcraft and magic

Starel, who has been interested in the occult since her early teens, will be giving a five-part lecture series at Sanctum Oeneus on witchcraft and magic beginning the second week in October. Presently there

is a palmist—who is doing readings on Wednesday nights for a fee of five dollars. (see separate story).

A lecture series is being planned on hypnosis and spiritualism, which will be given by Stephen Vend, who has been studying these subjects for 20 years. Also being considered are lectures on tarot and one on Qabalah, which is an entire life style based on a Hebrew doctrine to achieve communion with God. Qabalah involves the realization of one's inner potential in one life time; and that it takes many life times to reach one's goal, Starel explained.

She said the interest in seances is high, but that there is difficulty in finding a qualified medium. "It is hard to find a medium who is willing to take a group of strangers. Few care to take the risk because of neurotic or psychotic people who may be present."

For those with an interest in astrology, Sanctum Oeneus will have individual horoscopes cast by one of three available professionals from Minneapolis, England, or Bombay, India. Fees range from \$20 to \$35 for a natal horoscope complete with interpretations. Starel is having her horoscope done by all three, and these will be available for comparisons.



Starel Leysen

TELL YOUR OWN FUTURE

SEVEN TYPICAL FORMS OF THE HAND.

EACH TYPE FORMS A DIFFERENT CHARACTER.



A moderate palm with small thumb is love of the beautiful, and of form.

A short thick hand and large thumb is a desire for riches and greatness.

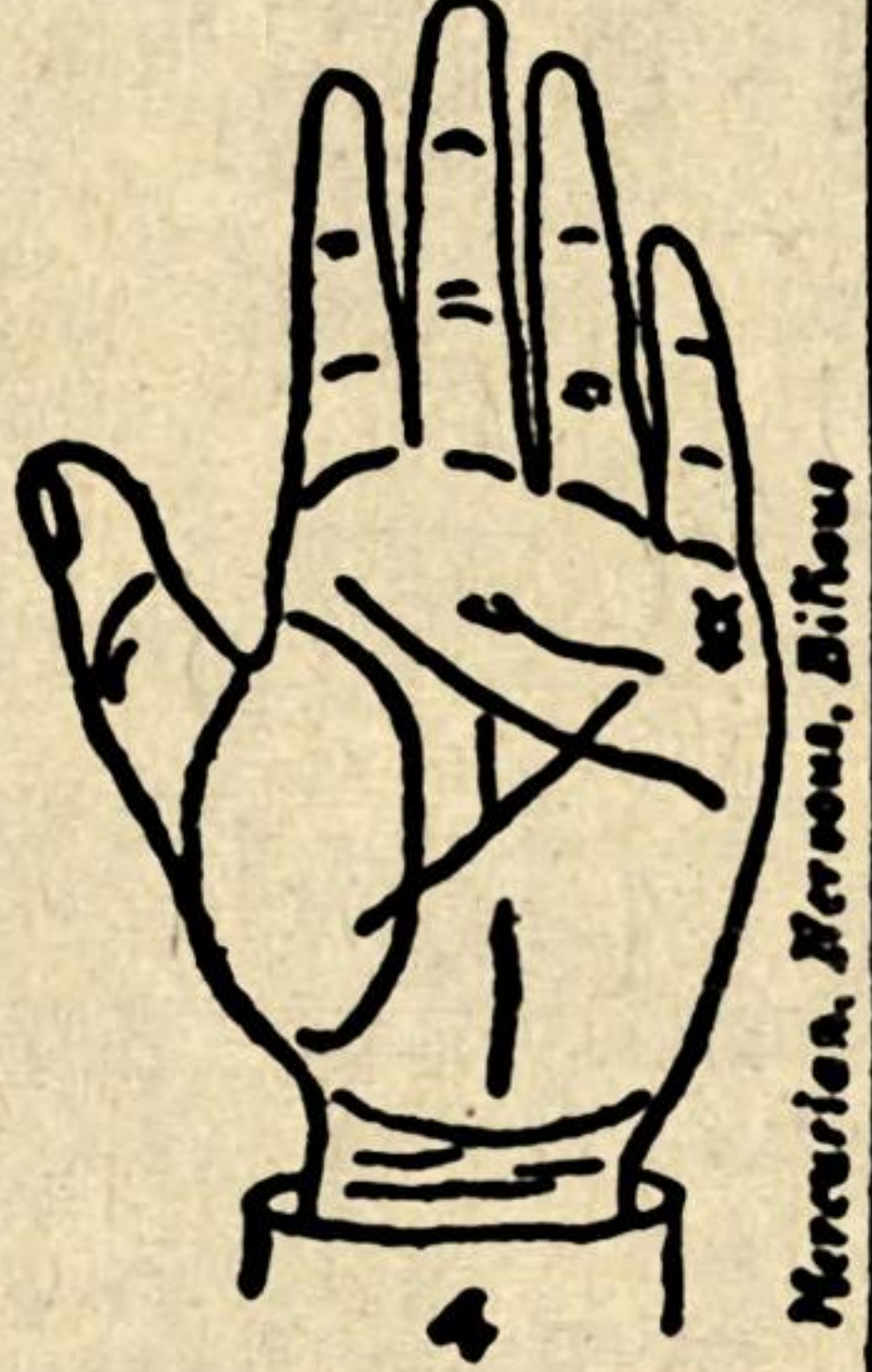
If whole hand is large and firm, it's sensuality.



Palm medium size, pliable, fingers knotted; looks philosophically on all subjects; searching; is careful in his opinion; is doubtful; considers things in detail. Separates things by character and nature, rather than by size and appearance.



If medium size, and joints large, thumb large, palm hollow and firm, it's love for everything with sense and reason. Loves order believes what they see and know, but suspect the undefined; would rather say glass than mirror.



Spatulate fingers and big thumb, ready to avert injuries to self, striving after abundance, lives for duty more than charms or beauty. Loves the beautiful more than the ornamental; a lover of comfort.



A large palm, thick hand, stiff fingers, short thumb, turning backward, belongs to the laborer; they work by rule and command, live with difference to life, and succumb readily to grief or misfortune.



Small, long and thin, guided by the ideal sublime and the soul. Never become rulers or statesmen; they soar above earthly things; they love great struggles and disdain small contests.



Mixed hand, is a jack of all trades, seldom excel in any capacity. Moral, but without principles; keeps the law because it's policy; skeptical, but not pious; is scheming, always negotiating for self.

Customers give the lady a hand



This was true; I had lived in four states and many apartments in the past two years.

Only one wrong answer

She kept looking back and forth from one hand to the other, and asked me if I was a student and what month I was born in. The answers "no" and "February" didn't help any, and she said, "I can't figure out something in your future." But she did say I have a good long life-line.

In fifteen minutes she had read my palm. All but one thing she said about my past was true...I had no children, I was very depressed at one period in my life, and had two main men in my life...except one thing...she said I had been very sick six months ago, which was untrue.

My future looked pretty good, according to Miss La Main. I will continue to work closely with my husband (as I do now), I may travel to Europe, and I will be financially successful. She also predicted that I will be moving out of the state in five years.

Miss La Mains also related the clues my hands gave to my temperament. I am independent, can get depressed easily, and know my own mind, but can be led. All true.

When she had finished, she asked if I had any questions. I was content with what she had told me, and said no. But then I told her I was a reporter for the Bugle-American and asked if she had time for a short interview. She did.

Miss La Mains became interested in palmistry as a hobby. She had a little girl and her husband was a salesman and often away, and she "was just bored." She studied palmistry under the method used by the internationally famous palmist Cheiro. "Pretty soon it got so that I couldn't go to a party without reading

palms," she said. "I couldn't even count how many palms I have read, but I've only been reading for strangers in the past few years."

Miss La Mains said that palm reading is rooted in hundreds of years of history, but that "you learn best by just reading many hands." She read strictly by lines and shape of hands. Some other palmists read by their feelings and by hunches, which Miss La Main doesn't think is too reliable.

Lines seldom alike

When Miss La Main begins a reading, she said she usually asks a few questions to "get my bearings and account for some of what I see in a hand." She studies the main lines in the hand first and looks at such areas with names like Circle of Venus, Ring of Saturn and Mound of Mercury.

"The most important thing is to learn to check one line with another," she said. "I use the magnifying glass to see the detail," she added.

The lines in your left hand are the ones you are born with, and the ones in the right hand tell what you will do with your life, according to Miss La Main. They are almost never

alike. "I compare left with right, and am concerned with the differences," she said. "All lines have relations to others."

Miss La Main said she has had some good readings since she has been at Sanctum Oeneus, and that everyone except one woman, who expected her to go into a trance, was pleased with their readings.

"I had one poor girl who came in shaking all over," she said. "She thought I would look like a witch and expected me to come out in a black robe!"

Miss La Main said she has seen some "scary" things in people's hands, but adds that "no palmist worth his salt will tell really bad news. There's no purpose in adding to grief...even a little lie may help."

She recalled a time when she was reading a woman's palm and she asked her if she had had a bad experience recently. The woman said no, but Miss La Main's husband was kicking her under the table when she expressed disbelief. Later her husband told her that the woman's husband had just been found murdered.

"Have seen catastrophe"

"I have seen catastrophe in the hand of a good friend. This is always a bad experience for me," she said. "However, I have had some delightful experiences such as when I told a man who had been married for 20 years without children that he would have a child, and his wife did become pregnant."

Miss La Main feels that sometimes when she sees something bad in a hand, a warning from her can save a person. This has happened three times when she saw death by water in a hand. Two of the hands belonged to scuba divers, she later found out. And the other almost did drown, but was saved.

Fifty per cent of those who come for readings want questions answered, according to the palmist. "One man asked if he should marry a go-go dancer. I won't answer questions as to whether a person should or shouldn't do something...that makes you feel a little like God, and I don't want that. I simply give people encouragement according to what I see in their hand."

Although Miss La Main likes people and enjoys reading palms, she says that some people want to talk on and on and tell all their problems. "I guess they figure that anyone who reads palms knows all about them anyway," she said. "But I really do sympathize with people, and I find that people will confide in me easily."

I asked Miss La Main if her predictions about people are usually accurate. She said, unfortunately, that most people don't ever contact her after they have their palms read, but added that she wished they would. She also said that she didn't know of any other palmists in Madison but would like to get together with any in the area "so we could trade ideas."

Some toys hate war.



Housing and food shortage Migrant center must faze out

By Judy Jacobi

In almost every direction you see the face of Robert or John Kennedy.

Over one doorway is the English alphabet in six-inch blocks; and a chart showing traffic signs is tacked on a wall. A cock-eyed sticker on another wall reads VIVA LA CAUSA. Someone has scrawled "boycott grapes" on the blackboard.

But what is most striking is that it is quiet. This is the office of the United Migrant Opportunity Service (UMOS) on Henry Street. Normally, the past three weeks would be a busy time for UMOS. Mexican-American families who had finished seasonal work in the fields would be receiving help finding housing and jobs, the main purpose of UMOS.

But things are different this fall. First, UMOS started to relocate families earlier this year because of the recession. But more important, UMOS will no longer be relocating migrant workers in Madison. The office will remain open with only one staff member to serve the Mexican-American community that is already here.

Robert Nunley, former area coordinator for Madison, explained why he felt UMOS should not continue to relocate migrant workers in Madison in an interview shortly before he left in late August.

"My feeling about future job possibilities is that there will be a moderate increase in businesses, in such areas as government and service trades. But how many people can come out of the cucumber fields to take a position in government?"

Competition from students

Nunley said the lack of industrial jobs in the Madison area has made it increasingly difficult to find jobs for migrant workers. He added that competition from students, who will work for low wages, compounded the problem.

The second major difficulty migrants face in Madison is the shortage of low-cost housing. Again, workers had to compete with students

for housing, which was especially hard because migrants were returning from the fields at the same time students were coming back to school.

"Landlords have raised rents excessively high," said Nunley, "because they know they can get high rents from students who can share an apartment or house, which a fam-

ily can't do. Only every once in a while do we find people who have a heart and aren't bigots, who will rent a decent house for a decent price."

Another factor that makes Madison unsuitable for migrants is the cost of living, which Nunley believes

is one of the highest in the nation. He also said workers were not used (Texas).

These people were forced to leave according to Nunley. They were living from day to day, with the help of welfare.

Higher wages in Kenosha

"Although Madison's Housing Au-

thority was very cooperative, they just had a rent increase, and there is too little available," said Nunley.

Nunley would like to see the more than fifty families still in the Madison area gradually move to where "the opportunities are better." He cited Kenosha as an excellent possibility for migrant relocation.

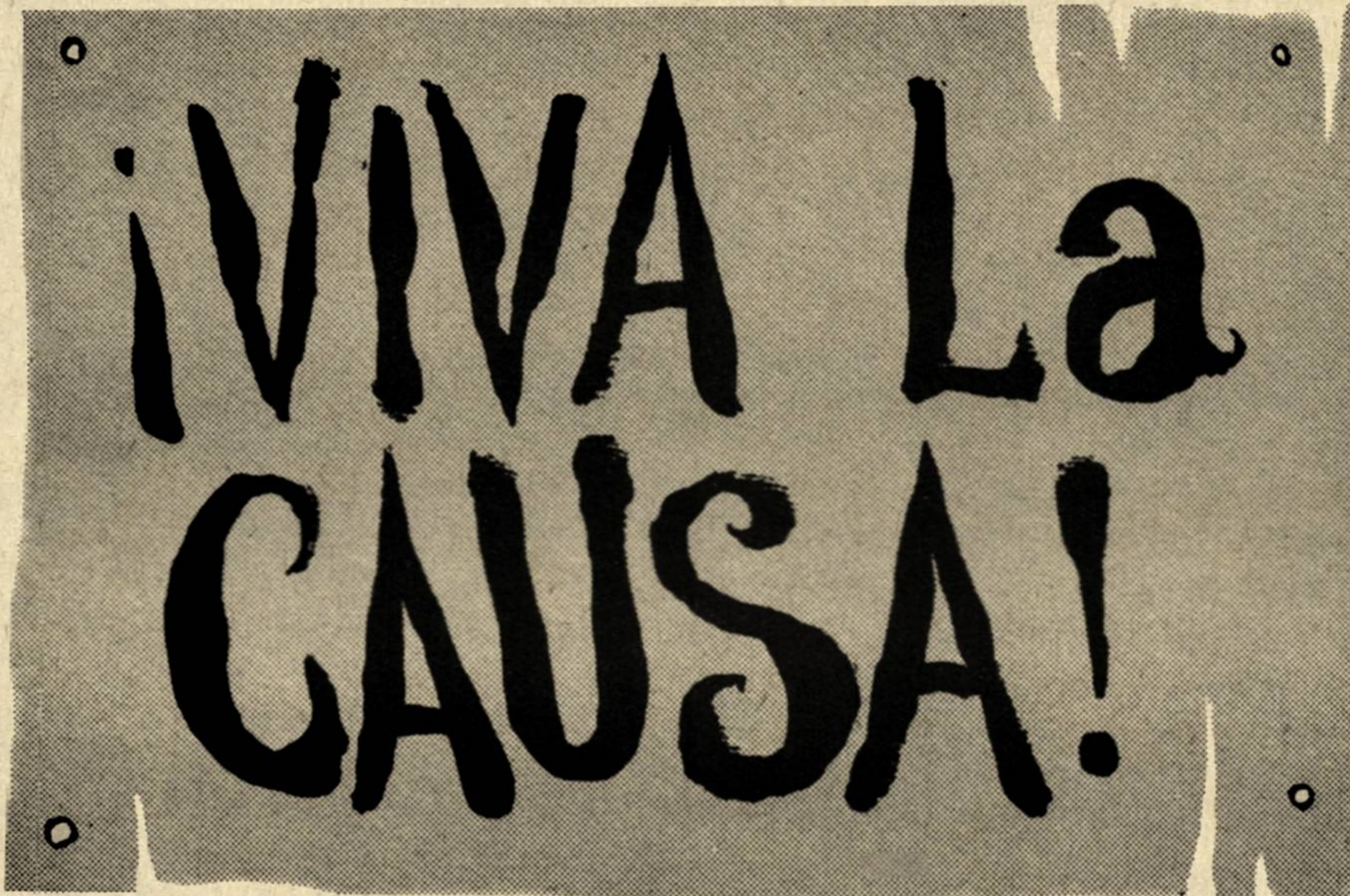
"The job entry level is \$1.70 to \$2.50 in Madison. Kenosha is \$2.50 to \$3.50. Rent in Madison is \$100 to \$170 per month; in Kenosha a family can rent a house from \$70 to \$100 a month."

So, from now on migrants who arrive at the Madison UMOS will be directed to places like Kenosha, or Rock or Jefferson counties.

Olegario Diaz, new head of the Madison office, will continue to serve the Mexican-American community here, because as long as there are Mexican-Americans in the area, they will probably need UMOS.

They will need help in adjusting to a foreign culture, they will need a central location because they're spread all over the city, and they will need tutoring and advice on financial help.

And UMOS will have to provide all of these.



to the cold winter months.

More opportunities elsewhere

Often, when Mexican-Americans have finished picking Wisconsin crops, they wish to settle here permanently. Some times UMOS will contact workers in the fields to give advice on job possibilities and get an idea of when families will come to a UMOS office for relocation. (UMOS is in Sheboygan, Kenosha, and Milwaukee as well as Madison.) However, Nunley said often workers came into the Madison office without warning, and had to be quickly placed into jobs and housing.

UMOS has helped approximately 200 people settle here. Of these, 58 families and individuals resettled successfully and permanently as of July. Yet, this number represents only 29% of those who tried. The remaining 71% found conditions too frustrating and have either moved to other areas where more opportunities are available or have returned to the familiarity of the migrant stream (migrating seasonally from South

MTU

(from page 3, col. 4)

The other local of the MTU is the Vera Court Apartments. Trouble began there in June when insurance agent Marvin S. Marcus announced to various people in the 48 apartments that their leases were invalid since he was the new landlord.

Tenants Rita and Ernie Holstein said, "Maybe half to three-quarters of the tenants signed new leases, but there was confusion because Marcus told different people different things. Marcus did funny things, he'd say something and then deny it."

People got together for meetings, they said, since Marcus had upped their rent without proper advance notice, and gave different people different figures on their rent. This depended on carpeting, which he told some people they must get installed whether they wanted it or not. That raised \$125 rent to \$140.

Some of the tenants called the MTU and a representative came out and explained their rights. He advised them to withhold July rent, and not sign any more new leases.

Marcus finally came to a meeting himself, gave back the leases he had made people sign, and said that all rent would be raised \$5 to \$130. While he was at this meeting the Holsteins said someone called the police to tell them Marcus' car was illegally parked. After he received a ticket, Marcus evicted the people who called the police. He also threatened to evict others.

The Holsteins joined the MTU and thought the "did a good job." MTU came to meetings and did research on Marcus and the history of the apartments for us," said Mrs. Holstein.

Many people who got fed up with Marcus and the whole mess moved, according to the Holsteins.

But by August Marcus had sold the apartments to a new landlord, Eugene Cooper, who, the tenants who are left say, has been "pretty good so far."

The MTU meanwhile continues its battle with the landlords... in the words of one staff member: "We don't break windows, we break landlords."

fiction

Candidate, kids rap

Ralph Shane entered the University of Wisconsin Student Employment Office.

"Excuse me. I'd like to hire some students."

"Certainly, sir. What would you like?"

He took out a list and read it: "Two bearded persons, one person with mustache, one girl with long hair, and one Negro with -- what you call it; the fuzzy stuff....."

"An Afro hairdo?"

"That's it."

"Would you like a black, instead?"

"No, a Negro will be sufficient, thank you."

"Okay. And what do you plan to do with these people?"

"Listen to them intently."

The man carefully wrote, "listen intently." Then he looked up. "I recognize you now. You're Ralph Shane, the political candidate."

"Yes. That's what I need the students for. I'll stand on the Mall and listen to them intently....A lot of people do go by the Mall, don't they?"

"Yes, they do."

"Good. We'll be at the Mall then."

The next day, Shane introduced himself to the young people. He then introduced George Garnett, his youth advisor. "Right on. Good vibes. Groovy to meet you," George said.

Ralph explained the project. "When the cameramen come, you young people begin talking to me. I'll just

listen, showing that I do not force my opinions onto others. Occasionally, I'll nod my head and say, 'Beautiful' or 'Right on' or 'groovy.' Except when the Negro says something, of course. Then I'll say, 'Tell it like it is, brother, let it all hang out.'"

"Excuse me," one youth said, "but we don't say 'groovy' any more."

Ralph nodded. George took out his notebook and crossed out 'groovy.'

"Okay," Ralph said, "we'll start with the Negro. You start saying whatever it is that you people say."

"Uh...I'm not sure," the Negro said reluctantly. "I'm on a football scholarship. Defensive halfback."

"Okay. George, tell him what it is that those people say."

George consulted the notebook. "They say 'Burn, baby, burn,' Ralph."

"Thank you, George. Now tell the gentlemen with the beards what they say."

George read the list. "Getting it all together. Rip-off. Hassle. Groov...No, that's crossed out. Power to the people. Good vibes. Right on."

"Thank you." He turned to the girl with the long hair.

"Now, do you know what to say, dear?"

She nodded. "I certainly do. Up against the wall, you pig mother. You co-opting porker, get ready to be offed."

And George began taking notes very quickly.

And Ralph nodded intently and said, "Right on, sister."



Aftermath of Iola: what about the Indians, anyway?

The radio advertisements for the Iola rock festival this summer included a very interesting statement: "A portion of all profits will be donated to the Winnebago Indians and to the ecology department of the University of Wisconsin-Stevens Point."

Now, I thought this was a very nice thing. I talked to other people about it, and they said they thought it was a very nice thing. Everyone likes ecology and Indians.

Still, we had one very interesting question. What portion of the profits? 50%? 1%? \$24 worth of brightly colored beads?

I decided to talk to J. Michael Briggs, of North Central Productions.

J. Michael Briggs was one of the rockfest's promoters. You can tell right away that he's a nice guy, because he's young and his hair comes down to his shoulders. You can tell right away that he believes in love and peace and ecology and Indians.

So during the rockfest, I asked him my very interesting question. "What portion of the profits will go to ecology and Indians?"

"I don't know," J. Michael Briggs said.

"You don't know?"

"We haven't thought about it yet."

A middle-aged man with a briefcase walked up. He was very stout, and he gave you the impression that there was no neck separating his head from his shoulders. You also had the impression that the briefcase was emotionally chained to his wrist. Possibly to his soul.

The middle-aged man made a statement: "I have some money for you, Mr. Briggs."

And that was the end of the interview. J. Michael Briggs turned and walked away very quickly with the very stout man with the briefcase. I didn't get to ask any more questions about the money for his friends, the Indians.

Now, you've probably heard all the other complaints about the Iola promoters. A few of them, briefly, include:

-The advertisements screamed: "Ponds! Water!" The press release said there were two ponds and a stream.

As it turned out, there was one pond. It was choked with weeds. Some people said there were snapping turtles. An announcer on stage said something about quicksand.

I never found a stream, but I did find a dried-out groove that had been a stream during another era. (e.g. paleolithic.)

-The sound system was awful. One reason for that was because it didn't arrive on time

-The sound system was awful. One reason for that was because it didn't arrive on time, because the promoters didn't get the money to the company on time.

-Toilets were rarely serviced. Water short-

ages were severe. At one point everyone had to wait for an hour and a half for water, because the promoters hadn't come up with \$50 to pay for it.

-The promoters had announced that there would be a security force of 100. They had not explained what they meant by a security force, however.

As it turned out, the function of the security force included the following:

1. Preventing people from entering without paying.

As it turned out, the function of the security force did not include the following:

1. Preventing people from beating other people senseless.

-At times it took more than three hours to get in. The promoters had blocked off all but one possible entrance.

-And a lot of other little things.

For instance, one person says he saw the fest's security chief telling someone to quit giving away watermelons free. As the security chief said this, he was accompanied by:

1. The man who operated the watermelon concession.

2. Two motorcycle bikers.

(No more watermelons were given away.)

So there have been a lot of complaints about the rock festival. Still, I thought, it was all for a good cause. Clean environments and happy Indians. What more could one ask for?

I decided to find out exactly how much money had been donated to these causes. I recently phoned J. Michael Briggs.

"How much money did you donate to ecology and the Indians?" I asked.

"I don't think I'll answer that question," J. Michael Briggs said.

A little later, he went on to say that the rockfest really hadn't made much money at all.

There were about 46,000 people there. Admission was \$10 to \$14 apiece. Parking was \$2 per car. And there were concessions galore. Chicken at \$1.25 and Cokes at 25¢ and corn and candy and, of course, watermelons.

There's no way of knowing how much the promoters had to pay, but the Poynette festival cost about \$100,000.

Briggs said a lot of people cheated him and he really didn't make much money. "We made some money, but not nearly as much as we expected."

The advertisements had said: "A portion of all profits will be donated to the Winnebago Indians and to the ecology department of the University of Wisconsin-Stevens Point."

And J. Michael Briggs refuses to comment on whether or not anything has been donated.

"I don't think you can hurt us," J. Michael Briggs said.

M.H.

"We're looking
for PEOPLE
who LIKE to
sell—
ADS!"



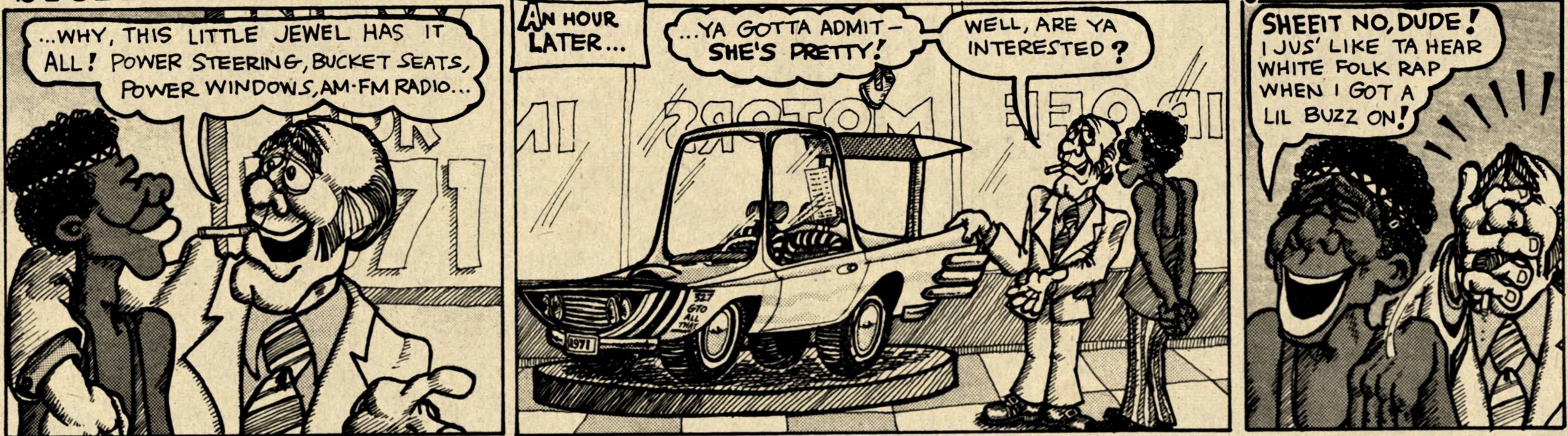
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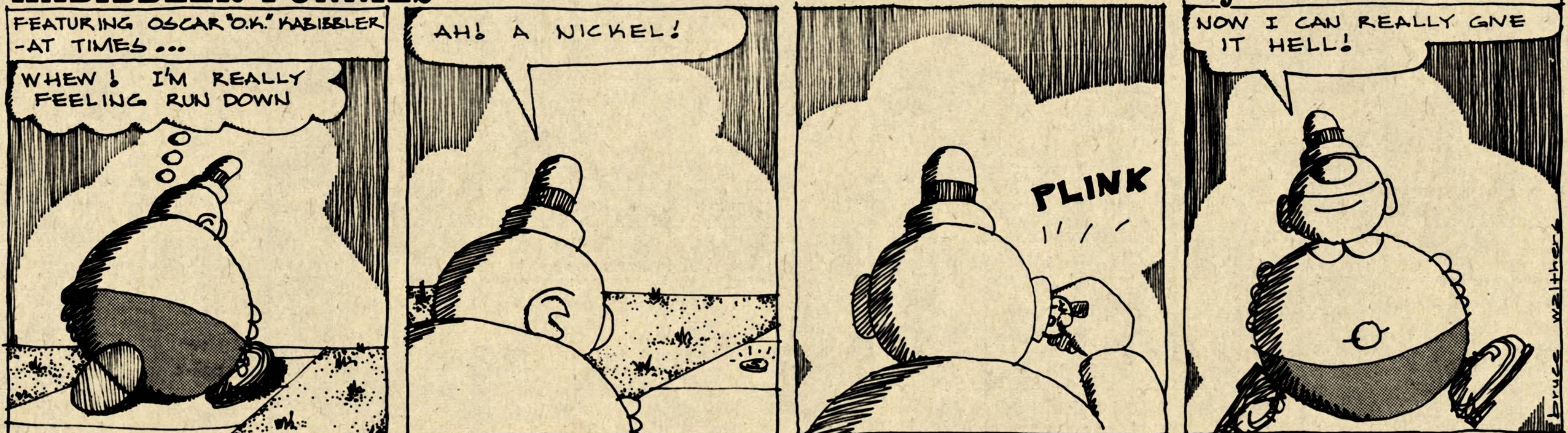
STUDLEY

by Don Glassford



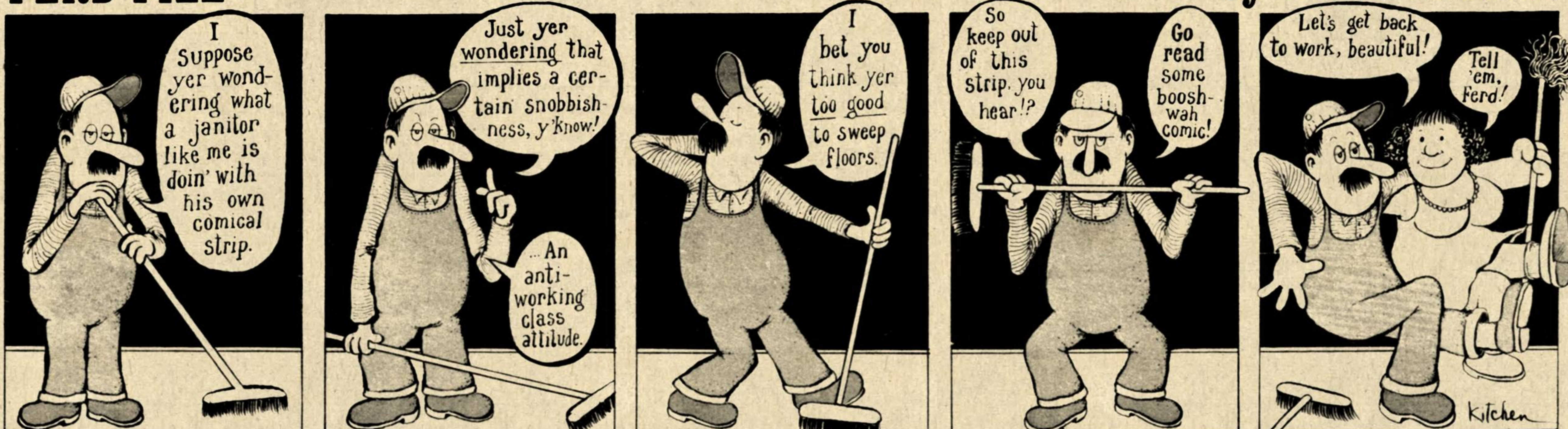
KABIBLER FUNNIES

by Bruce Walther



FERD PILE

by Denis Kitchen



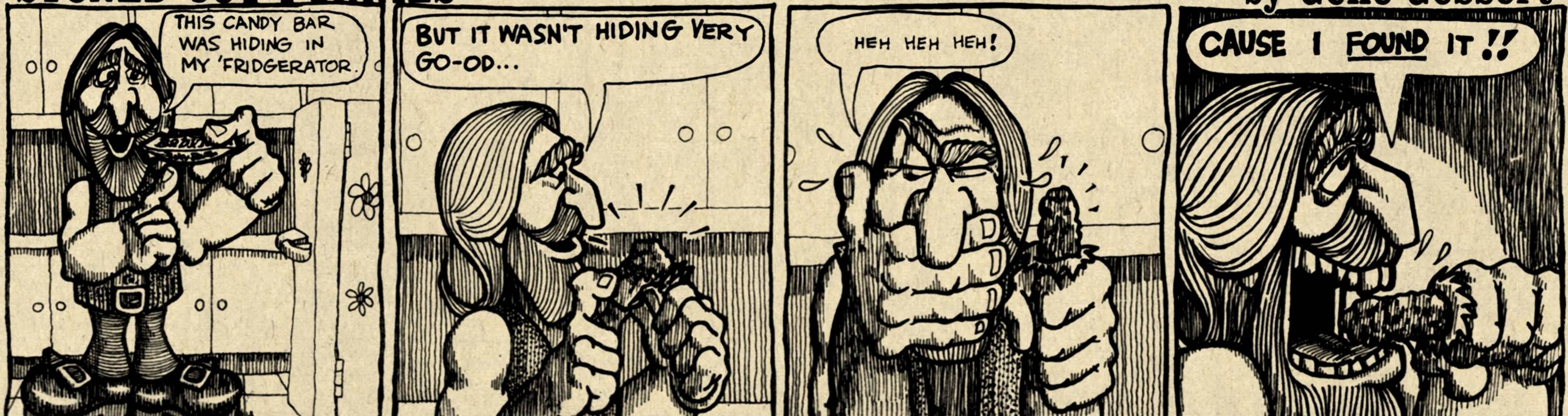
LEROY

by Jim Mitchell



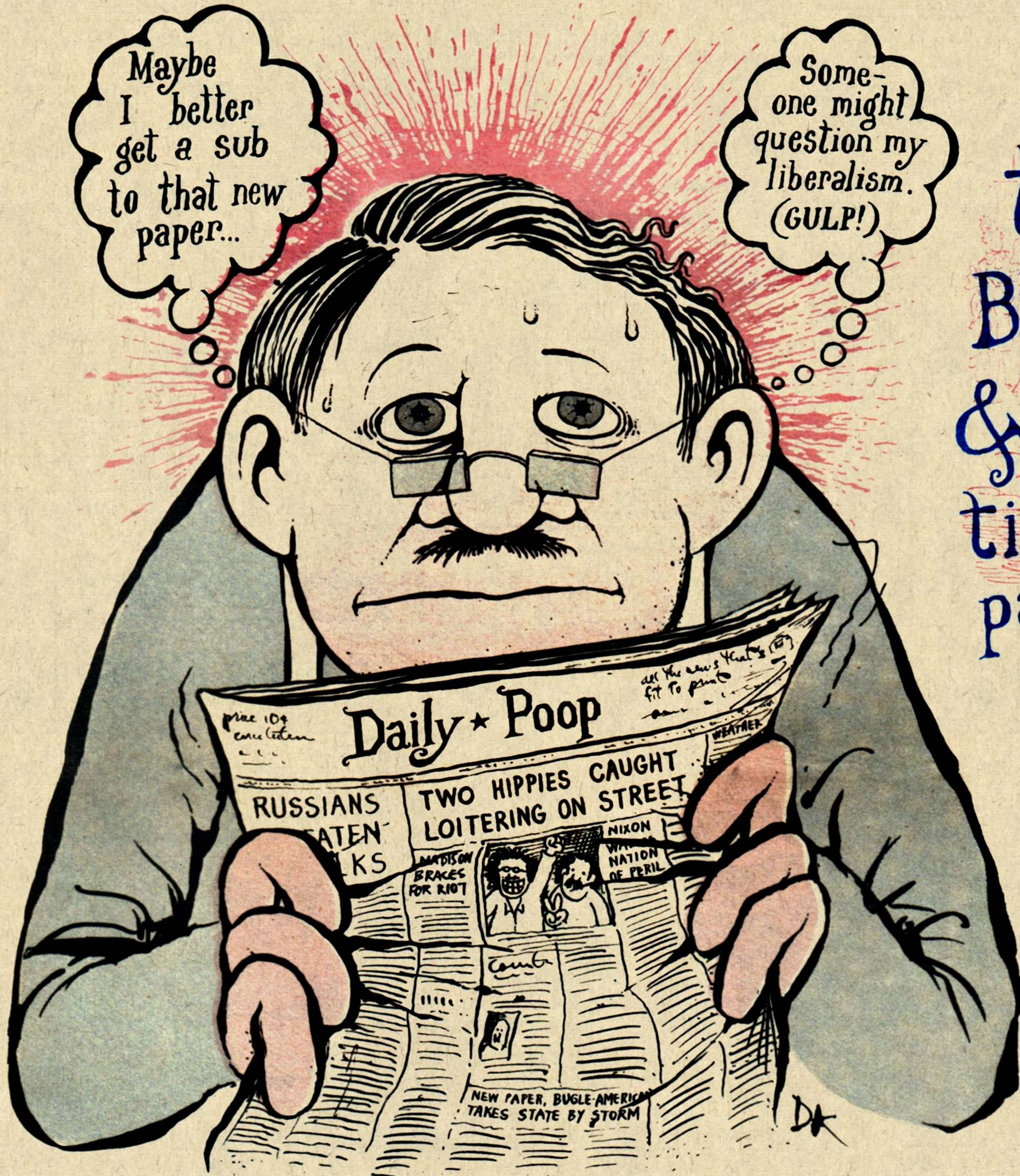
STONED-OUT FUNNIES

by Gene Gessert



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Port Washington's 'maverick'

A printer's war with his 'friends'

By Dave Schreiner

"On June 23, 1969 The Ozaukee Press became the target of an advertising boycott. Merchants withdrew advertising after a wealthy industrialist and an organized group of supporters threatened to bring their economic power to bear against those who continued to do business with The Press. The boycotters sought to silence the independent voice of The Press. They have failed."

This notice first appeared in The Ozaukee Press, Port Washington, after a local merchant came into William F. Schanen Jr.'s office and threw a leaflet on his desk.

The leaflet was a declaration of war.

Schanen's notice in The Press was his own declaration, and has appeared in his paper every week for the last 15 months.

The leaflet was brought in by a man who sells furniture and paint. But his action was inspired by a

him. "I accuse that man of murder. Anybody who would print that is guilty of murder!"

Everybody applauded.

That was last summer. The Grafton meeting was the highpoint of the "public crusade" as far as the boycotters were concerned.

Privately, the Press's advertising dried to almost nothing. From a healthy three sections each week, the pa-

per went to two sections and was even driven to one for three issues.

The Press also owned the Citizen and the Squire, two newspapers in the rich southern part of Ozaukee County. About four months ago, they were sold.

"No direct confrontations"

And the battlelines were drawn.

"There were no direct confrontations," William F. Schanen, III, the managing editor, said recently. "People would seem to go out of their way to avoid us."

"The only time I ever saw Ben

resign from the force within a year. Questioning city hall. Questioning the Wisconsin Electric Power Co., which is a major industry in the city.

Resentment built over years

The Press was not -- is not -- a calm paper. Readers don't subscribe to it in order to read a telephone book.

And, apparently, resentment has built quietly over the years.

Until that remarkable statement by the real estate man at the meeting

Right now, the boycott is at a stalemate. No one is out actively campaigning against Port Publications. However, advertising has not returned, and circulation has gone down—mainly because the three supermarkets still refuse to carry the paper.

Schanen has also filed a \$1,000,000 libel suit against Grob, and Grob promptly countered with a \$4,000,000 suit of his own.

"I accuse that man of murder. Anybody who would print that is guilty of murder." —Ben Grob

Grafton, Wis. industrialist named Ben Grob.

In it, Grob stated that he would not advertise—and "urged" others not to patronize—a paper which printed filth.

Grob's filth was the paper Kaleidoscope. The leaflet he and others circulated carried an excerpt from the Milwaukee edition which had an "irreverent attitude toward churches."

Schanen's sin in the whole matter was that he prints Kaleidoscope and the leaflet pointed this out.

The leaflet also said that Grob did not intend to advertise in The Press, which was his privilege. He never did anyway.

Economic Boycott

However, Grob also intimated that anybody who did business with Schanen could expect to also meet with an economic boycott of their business.

So, for his army, Grob recruited gun-ho businessmen—but also involuntary recruits.

Schanen's army consisted—at first, at least—of his family and his printing business.

It was a highly emotional, highly charged situation. The whole thing began to crystalize in summer of 1969 with a public meeting at Grafton's high school.

Business leaders, school teachers, even Ozaukee County's District Attorney were all there to castigate Kaleidoscope, Schanen and The Press. A former assemblyman, J. Curtis McKay, belligerently talked of the "troubles" the Schanens had caused him.

See related story on

Ozaukee County on page 14

A woman from Brookfield showed slides that proved beyond a reasonable doubt that the "rock and roll conspiracy was leading our nation's youth down the road to degeneracy and communism." Nobody at the meeting ever knew that before, but everybody nodded agreeably.

Finally, the maestro himself, Benjamin Grob received a standing ovation from 800 people and felt compelled to say a few words:

"Mr. District Attorney," he said in the German accent that never left

Grob was when he came in here one day and put a leaflet on my desk. Then he ran out again."

He looked puzzled. "At least I think it was Ben Grob."

Emotionalism ran high during the first few months of the boycott. The letters page was filled with polemics both for and against Schanen.

Three supermarkets refused to carry the Press because it printed Kaleidoscope, and drastically cut into the Press's circulation.

Finally, possibly the real reason that the boycott was started -- and has lasted such an incredibly long time -- came out.

At another public meeting, this time a debate, one of the originators of the boycott said that even if Schanen stopped printing the paper that was "poisoning" everybody, he didn't think he would resume advertising.

"The paper stirs up a lot of controversy," he said at the time. "And I don't like the editorials."

That statement seems to have been missed by much of the daily press in the state. To understand it, you must understand Ozaukee County (see accompanying story) and the whole Spiro Agnew philosophy.

First state offset newspaper

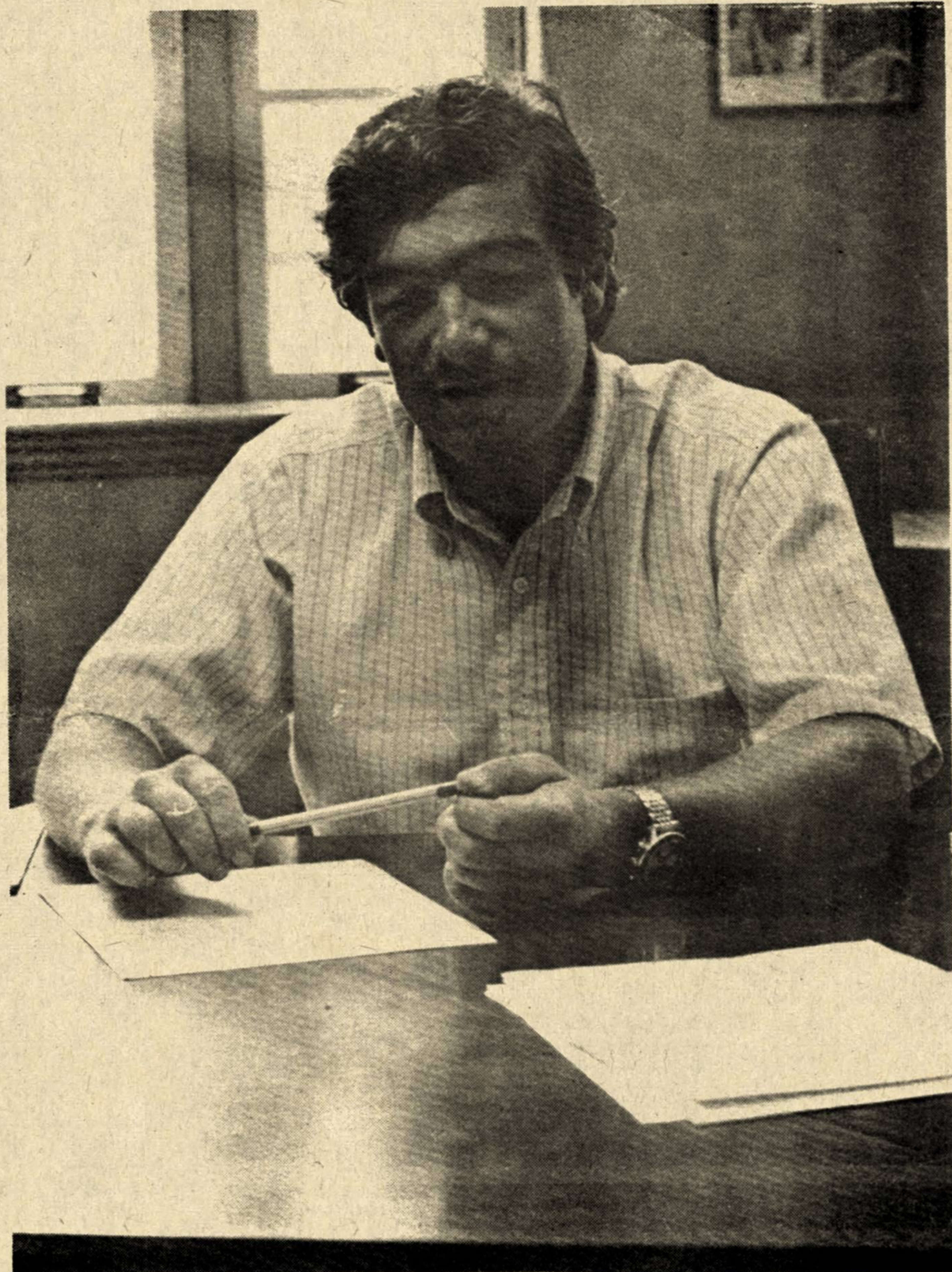
Since its inception in 1940, the Ozaukee Press has gleaned 75 awards. In 1969 it was named the best weekly newspaper of its size in the United States.

It was the first offset newspaper in the state, and set the standards for all those that followed. It employed lively writing, some of the best photography in the state, and also printed the sometimes dreary local news such as births, baptisms and marriages.

With all of this came a liberal philosophy that questioned pollution before it became fashionable, attacked bureaucrats when they needed it, and provided a lively forum for community issues.

And that, apparently is the Press's sin. Ozaukee County is essentially conservative. It's notable that Barry Goldwater swept the county in 1964. If Strom Thurmond showed up with a Democratic label behind his name, he wouldn't stand a chance of being elected.

And in the middle of it all was the liberal Press. Attacking a police chief who saw seven of his eight men



William F. Schanen III

which finally threw a little light on the whole "printing Kaleidoscope" theory.

"At first," Schanen III said, "we thought advertisers were boycotting us because of Kaleidoscope. But I think an associated cause is our own editorial policy. Actually, we are very middle class in our values. We don't advocate revolution or violence or anything. Rather, we try to be accurate in what we report. But our middle American views must conflict with somebody else's."

The Schanens said they have endured the boycott for 15 months for three reasons:

1. "We didn't like the idea of knuckling under to economic pressures. If we had stopped printing Kaleidoscope, what would have stopped an advertiser from walking in here and saying that because we wrote an editorial about something he was going to pull out his advertising. Once you start doing that, you might as well pack it up."

2. "Believe it or not," Schanen said, "we have a serious belief in free expression. If Kaleidoscope wasn't printed here, it would be printed someplace else. Also, no matter what you think of it, it does have a right to be printed."

3. "We simply don't like being kicked around—by anybody."

The result of Grob's suit has been a stalemate of schanen's suit in the courts.

Ostensibly, that's where the boycott is today. Former advertisers still are personally friendly, Schanen claimed, but they won't put any money down for an ad.

The letters to the editor are again concerned with city hall, the schools and garbage dumping.

The editorials are again concerned with fly ash dumping (from the electric company), city hall, street signs, and the conditions surrounding garbage dumping.

But subscribers are still only getting an abbreviated Press. The Press's voice has definitely not been stilled. Yet, the trials of the Schanen's are not over.

They have become darlings of the liberal community. The American Civil Liberties Union and a professional journalism society both have presented the Schanens with awards for their strong stand.

Yet, where it counts—in places like Mequon, Port Washington, Grafton, Cedarburg, and Thiensville—the Press is "not welcome."

In those communities, in many households, the awards, the strong stand, the lively writing means nothing.

The boycott goes on...a stalemate, but still alive.

An overview of Ozaukee County

The first thing you see when you get near Port Washington is smokestacks.

The two towering stacks belonging to the Wisconsin Electric Power Co. dominate the landscape for miles around.

In many respects, the stacks symbolize the city. For just as the stacks dominate the landscape, so does the company — to a great extent — dominate the economy of the city.

During the past five years, the company has experienced two strikes by the operating engineers.

Both have occurred in the dead of winter and around the holidays.

Both received extensive coverage in the Ozaukee Press, owned by William F. Schanen, Jr. Sometimes the coverage was sympathetic to the workers — more often, it was not.

Yet, the strikes received publicity, a page or two in each issue of the weekly paper, and when the advertising boycott against the Press was started in the summer of 1969, the Electric Company joined it.

The Electric Company — a "publicly owned utility," meaning a licensed monopoly supposedly regulated by the State Industrial Commission — found that the printing of Kaleidoscope was "immoral" and pulled out all their advertising.

The utility was the largest company to pull out advertising when the boycott began, and the Ozaukee Press felt it. Other papers and groups objected to the action, but the complaints didn't get any advertising back for the Press.

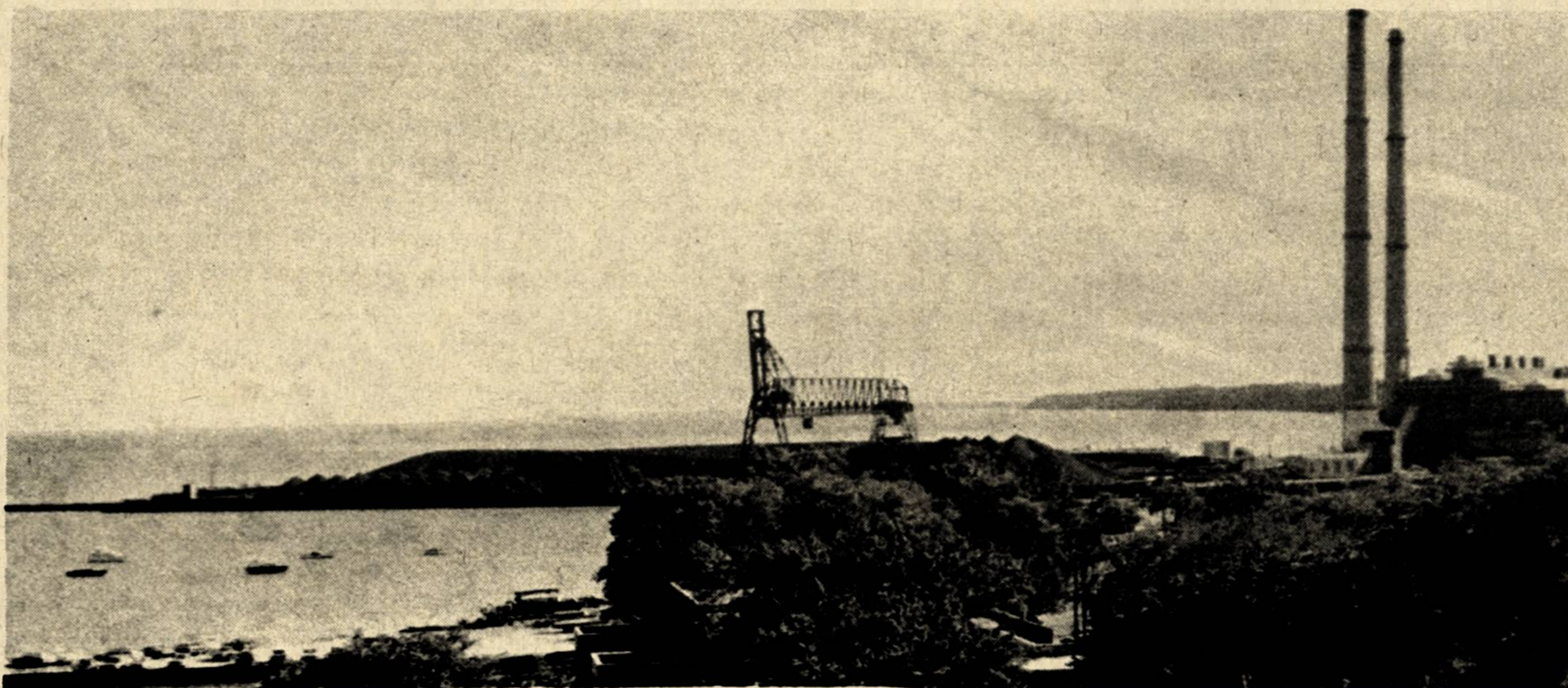
So the huge monolith joined the other companies against the Press.

See Related Story On Page 13.

The Electric Company became entwined with the general politics and thinking of the county.

Ozaukee County is conservative in its politics. Liberal politicians do not stand a chance of election in the county. For years, William K. VanPelt was elected its member to the House of Representatives. VanPelt, in an informal poll taken by Washington newsmen, was once chosen "One of the 10 Most Conservative Members of Congress."

He was loved in the county, and was only unseated in 1964, when a conservative Democrat was elected on the coattails of Lyndon Johnson. The



conservative Democrat's margin of victory was very small.

Before the boycott, Ozaukee County was mainly known for its beer bars. Every Friday and Saturday night, teens from Milwaukee and surrounding areas (which are all "dry") would come to Port Washington's beer bars, get drunk, and kill themselves going home.

In time, the highway leading from Milwaukee to the beer bars was known as the "Ozaukee Beer Run" by media in Milwaukee. Ozaukee County still has its beer bars, but somehow, Milwaukee kids don't kill themselves as frequently as they did in the mid-60's.

Or at least they don't get the publicity it once did.

Basically, Ozaukee County is stolid German with a mixture of Luxemburg for taste.

The northern part of the second smallest county in the state is farm country.

The southern part is basically Milwaukee suburb — and that's where the "conservative element" enters in.

The cities of Mequon and Cedarburg and the villages of Grafton and Thiensville have grown tremendously in the past 10 years.

Spectacular, expensive developments have literally proliferated in those communities, and quiet little hamlets have become sprawling suburbs which feed Milwaukee office buildings daily.

Out of these cities and villages come

the presidents of local Lions Clubs, Jaycees, Chambers of Commerce and other civic-minded groups.

The president of the Lions Club in Grafton was the spokesman for Grafton industrialist Benjamin Grob when the boycott started.

Contrary to popular belief, the boycott against the Press did not start in Port Washington — it started in Grafton and Cedarburg and later grew to Port.

In the past 10 years, the Village of Grafton has grown very conservative, yet its roots in conservatism go back much farther than that.

In the 1930's, Grafton was the site of Camp Hindenburg, a Nazi Party bund run by local people.

The camp site was in a secluded, wooded section just south of Grafton. People who recall the era and the area remember that on Saturday nights, the recorded voice of Adolf Hitler could be heard screaming out in the whole area.

The camp was off limits to non-members, and guards at the door saw to that.

But those who ran the camp made sure that both the American and Nazi flags were flown, and the site was also a place for youth gatherings.

One man recalled wandering into the back area of the camp (which was left unguarded) and seeing a Hitler-type youth camp complete with youngsters singing songs of the Nazi Regime.

When World War II started, Camp

Hindenburg faded from view, very quickly. So did its leaders, and today, no one seems to really know who the proprietors were.

But Camp Hindenburg was the gathering place for neo-Nazis all over southeastern Wisconsin. To talk about it today in the area is "verboten."

And that's the background of Ozaukee County. The county itself is beautiful — green and rolling hills set on the banks of Lake Michigan — but its citizens are, for the most part, provincial in their views.

So it was almost natural that an economic boycott — against a liberal paper if it was to start anywhere — could start in Ozaukee County.

At the Grafton meeting — attended by 800 — people were led to believe that pop music was rotting the brains of their children. They were told that underground papers did not have a right to exist, that the printers of such papers deserved the worst that a community could dish out.

And yet, these were not evil people. They came in suits and ties and they were all very proper.

The people who came to the meeting were pillars of the community. They were also factory workers, interested spectators, and, in some cases, friends of the Schanens. They talked with each other on the streets. But they would not patronize.

Their fright was translated in action by a meeting.

And they are not evil people.

Switchboard opens for business

A communication center for the Madison community, the People's Office and Switchboard, is now in operation above the Commercial State Bank at 114 State Street. (The entrance is one door to the right of the bank.)

The main idea of the center, a spokesman said, "is a switchboard to get people together and put people in touch with various community groups."

The switchboard number is 257-0414, and the office and phone will be manned from noon to midnight every day. "Eventually," the spokesman said, "we hope to have 24-hour service."

In addition to offering phone referral service for community groups, the Switchboard will become an answering service for some existing organizations, and will provide information about employment, crash pads, and medical and legal aid.

Bulletin boards for ride and sale notices and personal messages are also available and "if a person is interested in starting a co-op or something, we'll try to put them in touch with other people with the same idea," the spokesman said.

The Switchboard people also plan to publish a newsletter several times each week called Street Noises, which will contain a calendar listing of entertainment, meetings and other events.

The office and phone is being run entirely by volunteers, and people are needed.



The Survivor

No one knows what caused The Great War. All that anyone knew for sure was that there were very few survivors.

And so tiny expeditions searched the earth for people, animals, plants...life.

It was on Aug. 11, 1979, that they arrived in Madison.

And there, on top of a hill, they saw a lone survivor. An old man with a wrinkled, yet somehow peaceful, almost joyous face. He was sitting on that hill, with a very large desk and many large, ornate books.

And then the lone survivor said his first words in nearly seven years:

"I kept the University open."

He smiled toothily. "They said, 'Close the University for the holocaust. But I wouldn't fall for that. You can't start making exceptions. You have to draw the line....And you know, I've marked those kids absent every day ever since. Every day.'"

He went back to his work. But then he thought of another question: "What started The Great War?"

The people said they didn't know. They thought it was an errant missile.

The old man seemed crestfallen.

"Is something the matter?" someone asked.

"No. No, I guess not. But I'd always sort of assumed that it was the Daily Cardinal's fault."

(by JH) (art by Poplaski)

Complaint centers serve city's consumers

By Michael Jacobi

"Let The Seller Beware!" warns a sign in the office of the Madison Consumer League's complaint and service center on North Brooks Street.

The phrase, a turnabout of the time-honored motto "Let the buyer beware" which was ushered in with the industrial revolution and popularized by the Robber Barons at the beginning of this century, perhaps typifies the current trend toward consumer protection in America.

For ever since consumer advocate Ralph Nader began making headlines in the sixties with stinging indictments of various industries, America has become more and more consumer conscious.

The logical consequence of this new-found consciousness has been the growth of consumer protection and consumer rights groups across the country. And Madison is no exception.

The city now has two consumer 'complaint centers' run by two separate consumer groups. In addition, the State Department of Justice has a Consumer Protection office here (see separate story), and the Madison Chamber of Commerce also handles complaints against local businesses.

Alan Cleveland, a board member of the Wisconsin Consumer's League (WCL), which was founded in 1967, said the local groups began last fall when the WCL tried to set up a chap-

much over "tactics."

"Some of us felt that the group should pretty much work through the 'establishment,' and we disagreed with the use of strikes and boycotts and the continual suggestion that the whole business community was bad and all consumers were good," he said.

Bill Younger, who was president of the local chapter at the time, agreed.

"I felt we should represent the 'quieter' segment of the community—especially the low-income community," he explained. "I'm all for picketing, at the right time and the right place, but not in this..."

"The thing that finally wrapped it all up," Cleveland recalled, "was a press release last spring that the younger faction in the group prepared without a membership vote. It involved a shoddy and very deceptive phone contest that a Texas advertising agency, Sallee & Co., was running for the (Madison) Jaycees, who were raising money for a children's zoo."

\$300,000 libel suit

The Jaycees were selling coupon books for \$14.98 which were supposed to be good for about \$170 worth of merchandise and services, Younger said, and Sallee was running a phone solicitation for them in which they would call a person, and ask them a question like 'Who is buried in Grant's tomb?', and then say 'Just for answering the question, you may buy a booklet of coupon things...'

'We're getting away from our strictly student image and getting into the community as a whole'

ter in Madison.

Internal conflicts arose

"We had all sorts of people out who were interested in consumer protection here, but shortly after we began to meet, internal conflicts arose and we didn't seem to be getting anywhere," he said.

Still, the group stayed together for nearly six months, "mostly working in the organizational stages," Cleveland explained, before the final split, which was pretty much along generation lines, came.

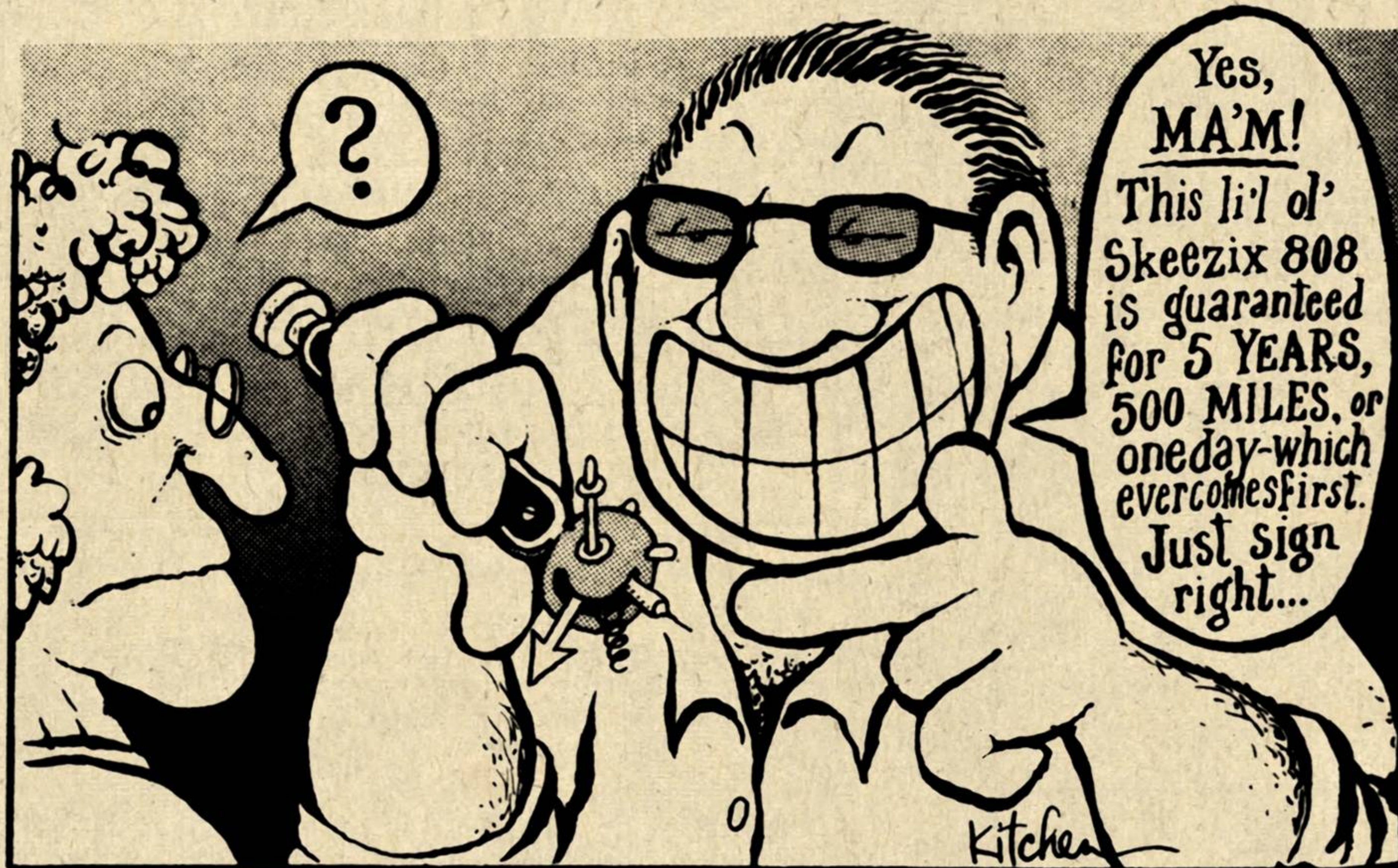
"I finally decided that the group wasn't accomplishing anything for consumers," he said. "We were just blocking each other. A number of the younger people were dissatisfied with the way the WCL ran. I guess they figured it was too much a part of the system."

The split, he said, was pretty

"So some of the people in our group prepared a press release against them which was never published," Younger said. "Still, Sallee found out about it and sued the group for \$300,000 for libel. A few days later, a story in the Capital-Times quoted Sallee as saying some of the people in the group were communists and we immediately filed a countersuit against him."

"We finally settled, out of court, for \$250 from Sallee, which, by the way, our attorney Bronson LaFollette kept as his fee, but at that point the group was hopelessly split over the incident, and the older, more 'establishment' people left the group," Younger said.

At that time, the people left in what had become the Madison Consumer's League (MCL) were mostly



students, but MCL secretary Sarah O'Brien said the group is not so student-oriented now.

"We're getting away from our strictly-student image and getting into the community as a whole," she explained. "And we're not really a consumer protection agency...but rather a consumer rights group. What we want is some power over the businessman and his tactics."

"Looking back, the whole split with WCL was not so much one of disagreements over tactics, as much as one over basic philosophy. What we'd really like to see is more co-ops and less individual ownership, so the consumer has more control."

The complaint center was aiming at a three-fold purpose, Miss O'Brien said.

15 complaints each week

"We want to help people who have complaints about businesses and agencies--this is what we have been mostly doing so far--but we also want to start doing investigating work of our own, into anything that sounds a little fishy," she said.

"Our third function," she explained, "is going to be to help people before they get gypped. We're trying to get together people with expert knowledge in various fields to advise people before they make purchases--especially things like cars, appliances, insurance and homes."

Miss O'Brien said the center has been receiving about 15 complaints each week since they opened in June. The largest single area of complaints is about cars, she said, but some other recent cases have involved:

Two dresses which were ruined at a local dry cleaner which the cleaner owner refused to pay for; A pizza that was delivered an hour and a half late, after the people that had ordered it had gone to bed;

A dozen undelivered golf balls that a local woman ordered from a distributor through a magazine advertisement.

After the center receives a written complaint, Miss O'Brien said, they call the store or business involved to get their side of the story.

"We're definitely on the consumers side...we don't try to pretend we're not," she said. "We feel maybe one per cent of the time a consumer does not have a just complaint."

"All kinds of pressure"

"This contact often settles the matter, but when it doesn't, we next go down to the store with the consumer and talk to the manager," she said. "Again, this usually takes care of the complaint, but if we have to go further we will. Mostly we use all kinds of pressure."

The kind of pressure she referred to ranged from threats of bad publicity to picketing and boycotts--the group picketed Rennebohm's Drug Stores 1¢ sale last spring ("because it really wasn't a 1¢ sale") and Goben Cars Inc. last month ("after receiving numerous complaints about Goben cars").

"We want to get some more mass actions this year," she explained, "because they seem to prove quite successful where other things fail. We haven't taken any legal action yet, but that's another possibility."

MCL also plans to hold open hearings in neighborhoods throughout the city to better find out what types of complaints people have, she said. "Often people won't call us, but if we come to them, a lot more complaints will be aired." (These meetings have not been set up yet, but a meeting was held Tuesday night to discuss plans for them.)

Needs volunteers

One of the problems the group faces is getting volunteers to help run the center and money to keep it alive. Membership in MCL is one dollar per year, and this mostly pays for the newsletter that is published periodically.

The MCL complaint and service center is located at 306 N. Brooks St. The phone number is 257-2702. The office is staffed from 2 to 6 p.m. Mon. through Fri.

Madison's other consumer complaint center is located in the offices of the Dane Co. Community Action Commission. Called the Citizen's (turn to page 16, col. 1)

Dollar Power course offered

A ten-week course in "Dollar-Power" is being offered this fall by the Madison Area Technical College.

The course, according to teacher Mrs. Louise Bjorklund, is designed to help consumers stretch the buying power of their money. "Changing life styles, shifting employment patterns and a multitude of new products and advertising all have created new problems for consumers," she said.

The course will begin Oct. 7, and will be held Wednesdays from 7 to 9 P.M. Registration information is available at the college or by calling 257-6711, extension 240 or 241.

Court to decide legality of 18% interest rate

The J. C. Penney Co., along with many other state stores and businesses, charges 18 per cent a year interest on credit accounts.

Yet Wisconsin usury laws state that 12 per cent per year is the maximum interest that may be charged for all loans and "forbearances."

On the face of it, it would seem obvious that Penney's and all the other businesses in the state that charge the 18 per cent (1½ per cent a month) rate are violating the law.

But it's not that simple.

Last year, the state attorney general's office sought an injunction in Circuit Court here to prevent state businesses from charging the 18 per cent rate. The J. C. Penney Co. was named in the test case, and Circuit Judge W. L. Jackman ruled that their interest rate was usurious, but he refused to issue an injunction preventing them from charging the rate, contending that only an individual—not the state—could initiate an injunctive action. And no individual has.

So rather than let the issue die, Assistant Attorney General James Jeffries last week appealed Judge Jackman's decision to the State Supreme Court, asking that the state's highest court bar the 18 per cent rate.

Penney's attorney, San Orr, argued that the usury law applies only to loans and forbearances (time extension payments of an existing debt), and not to credit sales.

'Legislative matter'

Orr also contended that the question of whether credit sales fit under the usury laws is a legislative matter rather than a judicial one.

Jeffries explained that Penney's was chosen for the test case last year because his office had received a number of complaints about Penney's and that some of those complaining were willing to testify in court.

He also said Penney's uses the "firest" type of revolving charge plan, and that his department wanted "even the best 18 per cent plan banned." The decision is now in the hands of the seven-member appeals court. A de-

cision is expected in about a month.

The credit plans being challenged are usually called revolving charge accounts or open-end accounts. They allow the customer to make purchases and pay a monthly bill in full or in installments which include the 18 per cent interest.

There are three major methods: the "adjusted-balance plan" used by Penney's and most credit card companies; the "previous balance method," used by Montgomery Ward and Co., Sears, and scores of retail stores; and the average daily balance method, which is used the least because it is difficult to compute.

The latter method is probably fairest to both the store and the consumer because it involves adding up a person's unpaid balance at the end of each day, dividing the total by the number of days involved and using the resulting average as the monthly charge. In this way, you are charged only for the days you owed the money.

Computer method

Unfortunately, it takes a computer to keep track of all this figuring, and the customer really has no way of checking the store's figures.

The method that Penney's uses, the adjusted balance, gives you credit each month for payments you have made that month before figuring your monthly interest charge. For example, if at the beginning of September you owed \$100, but paid \$50 during that month, your interest for September—at a rate of 1½% per month—would be 75¢, and your balance at the end of the month would be \$50.75.

But under the third method, the previous balance, you are charged interest each month on the balance you owe at the beginning of the month. Using the previous example, if you owed \$100 at the beginning of the month, and paid \$50 during the month, you would be charged \$1.50 interest for that month, and your balance at the end of the month would be \$51.50.

Consumer protection office has enforcement power

The Consumer Protection Office of the state Department of Justice is located at 123 W. Washington in the Loraine Hotel. The phone number is 266-1852 or from Milwaukee (no toll) 933-1104.

"The primary difference between us and other consumer protection groups is that we have enforcement powers," Steve Nicks, a law clerk with the Consumer Protection Office of the State Justice Department explained recently.

But, he added, "it was not until this year, March 1, that the attorney general was given the authority to prosecute consumer cases without going through all sorts of contortions."

Under the new law, he said, the Justice Department can seek a court injunction to stop a business or individual from untrue, deceptive or misleading representation of a product. "Before, the only law we could prosecute under was the public nuisance statute," Nicks said. "Six or seven injunctive actions are now pending in the courts."

The courts can also award restitution to injured consumers now, he said, and while this has never happened yet, it is being used as a "hammer over the heads of violators" for enforcement of the law.

The Consumer Protection Office was established under the Justice Department in 1966, and now works closely with the Department of Agriculture, local district attorneys and sheriffs and about a half-dozen other state agencies, Nicks said.

At present, the office has no branches outside Madison. Three full-time assistant attorney generals and six part-time law students staff the office.

Nicks explained how the office handles consumer complaints: 100 a month

"After we receive a complaint from a consumer (over 100 each month), we send them a questionnaire asking them to explain the circumstances. When we receive the completed form, we send a letter describing the complaint to the business or individual involved, asking for a reply within ten days.

"In most cases this is sufficient and an agreement can be worked out which satisfies both parties.

"However, if the business does

Consumer..

(from page 15, col. 4)

Action Line (CAL), it was set up by the people who broke off from the MCL last spring.

The Action Line is financed by the WCL, which has no office, but a number of members in the city.

Bill Younger, who has been in charge of the Action Line in the past said, "Things pretty much came to a standstill over the summer, but I expect it to pick up again now. We're pretty much interested in helping the low-income community here, but we won't turn anyone away.

"In the past, we've handled complaints ranging from a \$1.50 pair of scissors to a diamond ring to furniture and cars worth thousands of dollars."

The CAL is located at 224 E. Washington Ave. The phone numbers are 256-8254 or 256-8196.

Though the WCL does not have an office here, individual members do plan to run investigations of some Madison businessmen, Cleveland said. "Some tactics used by some area vendors aren't exactly ethical, and there are other complaints we want to look into."

The other group in the city which handles consumer complaints is the local Chamber of Commerce. (There is no Better Business Bureau in Madison.)

The Chamber began processing complaints three years ago, they report, and now receive as many as 20 complaints and inquiries each day. Most of their action involves letter-writing, a Chamber spokesman said, and any action beyond this is usually turned over to a state agency.

The C of C has an office at 615 E. Washington Ave. Their phone number is 256-8318.

"The public be damned," financier Cornelius Vanderbilt said a century ago.

Today, he might be forced to eat those words.

not respond to the first letter, we send another by registered mail requesting a response within five days. If we do not get a response this time, we have the power to subpoena both parties to a conference where we try to mediate a settlement.

"And if none of these steps work, we can seek court action—but it seldom goes this far."

The Agriculture Department actually has the broadest and most comprehensive powers in consumer protection, Nicks said, explaining that after a public hearing the department may issue a General Order forbidding methods of competition or trade practices in business which are deemed unfair, or a Special Order enjoining any individual or business from using unfair practices.

Any person or business who violates one of these orders can be fined \$25 to \$5,000 or jailed for up to one year, he said. Further, anyone suffering a loss from such a violation has a cause for actions to seek damages from the violator.

Narrow scope

"The problem," Nicks explained, "is that in the 49 years the department has had this power, it has issued only eight General Orders and a handful of Special Orders. They are effective, but their scope is quite narrow. Also, enforcement is usually left up to local sheriffs and district attorneys, who are not at all geared to this type of enforcement."

In order to get a better understanding of the types of complaints Wisconsin consumers have, the Justice Department began a computer data bank early this year which categorizes and analyzes complaints received by the department and co-operating state agencies and consumer groups.

During the first six months of 1970, the Justice Department received 636 consumer complaints, and co-operating agencies added 823 more.

The computer found:

The industry receiving the most complaints received by the department was motor vehicles (229).

AN UNVERIFIED RUMOR

It is well known that The Rev. Billy Graham has a false beard, which he uses to attend rock festivals.

On Sept. 11, 1970, through an unfortunate scheduling error, Mr. Graham wore his beard to a Youth For America rally in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

He was subsequently stoned to death by 47,000 semi-mad Baptists.

(Bugle-American Unverified Rumor Department)

followed by home appliances (131), books and magazines (105) and groceries (86). Motels, hotels and resorts were complained about least often (3).

Complaints were most often about transactions at the sellers place of business (792), but door-to-door sales accounted for 314 complaints, sales through newspaper and magazines totalled 173 complaints, mail solicitation sales received 131 complaints, phone solicitation 36, and radio and television only 9.

Failure to deliver was the practice most often complained about (224), while 204 persons complained about deceptive advertising. Other

common complaints involved unsatisfactory installation or service (185) complaints, defective merchandise (165), unfulfilled refunds (156), repair and warranty (155) and unfair competition (120).

Some of the conclusions drawn from the data showed that complaints involving books and magazines usually involved non-delivery and unfair collection techniques; complaints about cars and home appliances almost always involve failure to honor warranties or unsatisfactory installation and service; and complaints about distributors and franchises usually involve deceptive advertising and misleading representations.

TYPIST WANTED



Typist wanted to operate varityper typewriter. Must be experienced typist. Will train on varityper. Immediate opening. Hours flexible. Approximately 20 hours per week. Apply Bugle-American, 550 State Street, Madison. Or phone 255-7601.

YOU CAN DO YOUR PART!

These are times that call for ACTION.

In Vietnam, young men are fighting, dying, being imprisoned. And now you can do your part to help them. Please take the following steps:

1. Send a postcard to the government of North Vietnam, bearing the following message: "Gee, I think you should make your prisons nicer." For added impact, include your signature.

2. Return to watching television.

(Note: The truly involved citizen will go an additional step, and have his signature notarized.)

The Bugle-American co-operates with Gov. Warren P. Knowles, The Wisconsin State Journal, and the Badger Herald, in what is obviously a worthwhile activity.

(Second note: For some reason, one person sent a similar message to the South Vietnamese government. Now, why would he want to do a thing like that?)

Womens liberation still active



(above)
Elaine Reuben, co-ordinator of the Madison Women's Liberation strike August 26, emphasizes with a bull horn the three strike demands:

- 1) equal access to jobs and education
- 2) equal access to abortion and contraception
- 3) day care centers

(right)
Some of Madison's more visible and vocal women march to the Square where they gathered to hear speakers talk about the women's liberation movement.

(Photos by Judy Jacobi)

Women's liberation in Madison is not dead...it just faded away for the summer. Discussion and action groups, most of which started last year, will be meeting again this fall. Although no plans for specific meeting places and times have been made yet by any groups, those interested in joining a group may contact people listed below.

Madison Women's Coalition, the group which was set up this summer to organize for the August 26 strike, has tentatively set Oct. 7 for a meeting at the University YWCA at 7:30 P.M. This will largely be a women's liberation orientation meeting, with representatives from all Madison groups present to discuss their fall plans.

Some topics planned for discussion are the establishment of a woman's liberation speakers forum, and organizing discussion groups in UW dorms and in communities outside the university. The meeting will be open to the public.

Ann Fitzgerald, a member of Women's Research Group who has been active in the women's liberation movement here for two years, spoke about women's liberation in an interview last week.

"I feel that we should try to get all women involved in women's liberation at the level where they feel comfortable, whether this is at the discussion or action level," she said.

Miss Fitzgerald said the most important thing in the women's lib. movement is for women to be aware of their own oppression, both psychological as well as institutionalized.

When asked about criticism the movement has received for actions like bra burning and campaigns to enter all-male bars, she said that consciousness can be raised by presenting women's issues in dramatic ways since actions such as bra burnings get publicity.

"However, the media loves this

sort of thing and passes it off as the primary issues of women's liberation," she said. "The media wants to make the movement look ridiculous."

She added that issues like discrimination in bars are symbolic issues and that people who are critical of this type of action are uninformed. She said people don't take the time and trouble to look at serious aspects of involvement in women's liberation such as day care and abortions.

Miss Fitzgerald pointed to the fact that women's liberation is now in vogue, and there are many anti-women's liberation jokes. "This wouldn't ever happen with the black movement," she said. "For example, when recently defeated gubernatorial candidate Don Peterson was asked what he intended to do about the status of women if elected, he just laughed and said, 'ask my wife'."

J.J.



Information about womens groups

Since women's liberation has no main headquarters, and groups do not have presidents or permanent chairmen, those interested in discussion or action groups must rely on individual contacts and information which will be posted on "Today" in the U.W. Union.

The following is a list of groups active here last year, and people to contact for further information.

Women's Center—257-2535 (University YWCA)

The center is a place where women get together to discuss common problems. Call for time of "rap" sessions.

Women's Counseling Service—255-9149

The counseling service provides women with advice on problems of birth control and pregnancy. The service also provides abortion referrals.

Women's Discussion Group; Felicity Skidmore—233-0801 or Karen Hester—238-6578

A small discussion group started last May, which has met every two weeks in the past to discuss common problems.

Women's Research Group; Elaine Reuben—221-1347

This is a small group started last fall to discuss discrimination against women at the U.W. They published a pamphlet called "Women at Wisconsin", and have demonstrated at places of discrimination in Madison. They are interested in bringing speakers on women's lib to the U.W., and would like to involve people who are interested in doing reviews of women's lib literature. WRG will also distribute information for women who are discriminated against and must remain anonymous because of their jobs.

National Organization of Women; Henry Jane Julian—222-8391—249-8521
NOW has no active Madison chapter, but individuals in the area are members. NOW has been involved in court actions against laws which are unfavorable to women. They are also working for the repeal of abortion laws.

Wisconsin Alliance, Women's Caucus; Andrea Craig—244-2021

Wisconsin Alliance is a political party. Betty Boardman of the women's caucus is currently running for U.S. senator.

Teaching Assistants Assoc., Women's Caucus; Barb Lightner—256-4020

This group was formed by U.W. women teaching assistants and wives of TAs at the time of the TA strike last year. They have run candidates for all offices in the TA union, and are interested in such things as day care centers for children of all university employees and in-state tuition for wives of graduate students.

Women's Action Movement; Kathy Blonk—255-8503 or Kit Hansen—257-6979

WAM is the largest women's group in Madison. They have regular meetings with a revolving chairmanship and publish a newsletter. They have currently been involved in leading the campaign for child-care centers here.

Women's Action Group; Jan Roache—244-0773

This is a large group that met weekly last year. They have been involved with birth control and abortion counseling.

March 8; 257-2535 (Women's Center)

This is a radical political women's liberation group which has an international perspective. They are named for an international women's day set by Lenin.

Courses given by the University extension:

"The Women?" O'Neil. Wisconsin Center, Oct 7-Nov. 4, Wed. 7:30-9 P.M. \$7.50.

"Women's Liberation, What Does it Mean to You?" Oct. 22-Nov. 4, Midvale Community Church, Thurs. 9:15-10:45, 30 limit, \$6.

The last two parts of a three part series on women's liberation sponsored by the Prairie Universalist Church will be given at the YWCA at 31 N. Pinkney St. as follows: Day Care, Sept. 20; Abortion and contraception, Sept. 27; call Ann Fitzgerald, 255-8503 for times.

The perfect-but 'plastic'-high schools

By Mike Hughes

Last Christmas, Dorothy Osteraas started to feel sorry for her children.

She was getting out of high school in a few weeks, and they weren't. She thought about that for a while, and then she came up with a logical solution. "Let's start our own school."

"I figured, we've got three people. How many does it take to start a school?"

So John and Jan Osteraas started to tell their friends about the idea. "I had no notion that so many people would be interested in it," Dorothy says. "All of a sudden parents were stopping me in the supermarket, to talk about it."

The 'free school' movement was starting in Madison.

Last year at this time, there were no 'free high schools' in Madison. Now there are four—Madison Community School (52 students), Co-operative Free School (20 students), Thoreau School (16 students), and Freedom House (a varying number of students). By January, there might be five.

What it amounts to is an effort to make some drastic changes in secondary education in Madison.

Each day was a new battle. I felt this great need to preserve my own identity."

She talked to John and Jan about it, and they pretty much agreed with her. "I started to feel pretty guilty because I was getting out of high school soon, and they would have to stay in it."

One day during Christmas vacation, John was working on his photography and Jan was doing some sewing. She started to think about that: left on their own, John and Jan did a lot of good, educational things. Why couldn't they have those same kind of experiences in school?

They started to talk up the idea of starting a school. John and Jan found a lot of kids who were interested. Dorothy found some people willing to work on it full-time.

They also hunted up some 'resource people'—who were willing to work part-time, teaching their specialty. Before long, they had a list of over 100 resource people, capable of teaching ordinary subjects like Math and History and extraordinary subjects like Genetic Evolution and Children's Literature and the Poetry of Bob Dylan and Witchcraft and A Historical Look at Revolutions.

("I told my parents I was taking a course in

to get used to it," Rick said.

Chris had some helpful comments:

"For a lot of kids, it will be a lot longer than a few weeks. It could be a few years. For some kids, you'll come up to them and say, 'Do you want to do this?' And they'll say, '—you. This is a free school. I don't have to do anything.'"

Chris was making an important point. You can't be terribly certain that the free school students will do anything at all.

For instance, the Milwaukee Independent School was organized last February. One of the students there said:

"When it started, everyone wrote a list of all these fabulous things that we were going to do. One guy was going to spend 16 hours a day on science and I was going to get together a big high school underground newspaper. But we never got going on any of it. I'd say that we maybe had 8 kids who were interested in doing something, out of 35."

A lot of people will argue that even if the student doesn't take any classes at all, that doesn't mean that the school is a failure.

Students comp

It was a beautiful, sunny afternoon, and Rita was making the finest sandcastle in all of Madison.

She caressed the sand gently, forming soft rolling hills and quiet little valleys and funny moats. As she worked, she talked about the high school that she quit.

"You really want to learn something, but you know you won't be able to. That's the frustrating part. When you want an education, and you can't get it.

"There are so many things. They won't let you out of the building, even during the lunch hour. You're supposed to sit there in that gym and eat your lunch."

Rita has a very gentle voice. She smiles a lot. Most of the kids at Madison Community School do.

It was a perfect autumn afternoon, when everyone should be outside, shaping sandcastles and dreams. If Rita were still in the public schools, she would be in a building, losing six hours of sunshine.

But she isn't in the public schools any more. She dropped out this year and joined Madison Community School. And now she was sitting outside, making the finest sandcastle in all of Madison and smiling a lot.

Jim Hoover was sitting next to the sandbox, puffing on a cigarette and telling about his special problem:

"It's really bad if you're a nicotine addict in the public schools. What we had to do was stand around in a circle in the bathrooms. You take two quick puffs and keep passing the cigarette around. If a teacher comes in, you yell, 'Bust!' and ditch the cigarette.

"There's a white line down the middle of the street, and that's sort of the border of the school. So everyone runs over to the other side of the white line to smoke their cigarettes."

Not all his problems at West Junior High were nicotine-related, though. There was Coach Falk, the gym teacher who liked to make smart comments all the time to boys who had long hair.

But at least, Coach Falk was clean. Very clean. "You always had to take showers," Jim said. "One day, all we were going to do was take a written test. Nothing else. But sure enough, we all had to go dress in our little gym suits. And then when we were done, we all had to go take a shower."

Other kids at MCS have similar comments.



First of all, what is a free school?

The easiest answer is to say what a free school isn't. It isn't hall passes and cafeteria guards and dangling gerunds and advanced calisthenics and disembodied voices suddenly emerging from wall speakers.

Free schools are unstructured things that amount to as much—or as little—as the student makes of them.

The idea is nothing new—people have been talking about 'progressive education' since the turn of the century.

But it's something that has suddenly started to catch on in the last few years. Right now, it's estimated that there are over 1,000 free schools in the United States.

Here in Madison, it caught on after a former nice PTA mother started to get angry.

For a long time, Dorothy Osteraas was a typical housewife and school booster. She belonged

revolution," one boy said. "My father hit the ceiling.")

Next, they looked into the laws, to see exactly what it takes to be a legally-recognized school. They found out that Wisconsin has some extremely high standards. To be a legal school they must:

1. Teach the true and comparative vitamin content and food and health values of dairy products and their importance for human diet. ("We'll be sure to tell them about the cholesterol, too," a staffer said.)
2. Teaching co-operative marketing.
3. Display the American flag somewhere.
4. Teach about the flag, constitution, and Declaration of Independence, "as well as the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, so that government of the people, by the people, and for the people may function and endure in the United States of America."

They agreed to all of these. They named themselves Madison Community School, borrowed some meeting rooms in St. Francis House, and were ready to go my March. They had their own high school.

They wanted to involve everyone in every decision, so during the early weeks the staffers and students spent their time talking about what a new school should be like. They talked for five weeks, and some of the parents started to get nervous. There still weren't any classes. Were their children really learning anything?

Once the classes got going, things were fine for a while. But then came the May riots, with St. Francis House right in the middle of the battle zone. Things fell apart again.

But everyone is confident that MCS will do better this time. "During the summer, the staff has been meeting regularly, and I think we've got our problems worked out now."

At the same time, two new free high schools, Co-operative Free School and Thoreau School, were started this fall. Another school—started by the UW School of Education—was being planned for this fall, but it ran into a lot of bureaucracies. If it can conquer everything, it will be ready by January.

That still leaves a lot of questions, of course.

Do the students 'learn' anything?

One afternoon this summer, Co-operative School was holding a meeting attended by some students, parents, and staffers, and by Chris, a young man who works with the free school out in Santa Barbara.

Rick Rhey was explaining that the school would follow the interests of the students. "For instance, what are some of the things that you people are interested in?"

And suddenly it became very quiet.

"Well, this is a new environment, and it will probably take some of the students a few weeks

Photos of Madison Community

School by Cathy Roma

to nice little PTA committees that campaigned for nice little 'liberal' changes in the school system.

Eventually, she decided to go to college. And last year Dorothy—33 years old, with two children in high school—was a teaching intern at Memorial High School.

Memorial was exactly the sort of school that all nice PTA mothers dream of. It has every sort of new plan, schedule, class, machine, and gimmick one could ask for.

It was the kind of school that Dorothy Osteraas had always wanted. And after teaching there for a while, she was appalled. "I had never realized what a tremendously oppressive environment it was."

During the orientation for new teachers, she asked where she could go if she wanted to have a private conversation with one of the students. The reply: "Oh, you wouldn't want to do something like that."

"If I would have followed the standard they set, I would have always kept the students an arm's length away. I was supposed to be superficial, scholarly, and remote."

Team-teaching was a good example. It's supposed to be a big improvement. But it meant that several classes had to be co-ordinated. Each class lost its flexibility. "It was a totally teacher-centered approach. That was against everything I believed in."

She was starting to change her ideas about education. "It wasn't until I spent a semester in a high school that I realized what it could do to you. I never slept so much in my life as I did that semester, and I never watched as much TV.



meet head on with the 'free schools'

'They're young, they're intelligent, they care deeply about people and things and life.

The free schools in Madison have huge reservoirs of idealism, talent, and human feeling. It would be very surprising if they failed.

What do the young people have against the public schools, anyway?

That's an important question. Some of them answer it in a separate article here.

Are the free schools teaching a cross-section of young people?

That's a sticky question for the free school advocates.

They would like to have a cross-section. They'd like to know if their method works for Joe Glurrg, the typical average ordinary student. But because of the tuition, they don't really get a chance to find out.

Most kids can't get in unless their parents pay the tuition. That means that nearly all the students have parents who are: a) Well-to-do; b) Liberal; c) Understanding.

(They've talked about "getting a token straight person." but so far, nothing.)

So there's a certain sameness to the young people at the free schools. They're "second generation hip." They're the children of professors and artist and lawyers. They've grown up in an

For instance, Bob Werner, an MCS student, talks about the time last spring when he left for two weeks and went to California. "We were on the Big Sur one night, watching the sunset. And I can remember looking at someone and saying, 'Just think, if we were in the public schools now, we'd be missing this.'"

And a mother of another MCS student said: "I never used to see Dan at all. He was in school all day. Now he comes home and we sit in the kitchen and rap. I think it's great."

In short, they say that maybe going to classes wasn't that important anyway. Maybe dangling gerunds and the hypotenuse of a triangle aren't nearly as important as a sunset on the Big Sur.

But it goes beyond that. Nearly everybody seems certain that the students really will get involved in classes.

In the long run, a free school is as good as the students and staffers in it. And that's why you start to feel confident about the free schools in Madison.

Talk to the people involved—both staffers and students—and you can't help but be impressed.



(The Bugle-American will be going further into the question of high school education—particularly high school education in Madison. If you have any comments or ideas on this, please call Mike Hughes at 837-8024 or 255-7601.

are 'free' and public schools

Plastic Schools

"The public schools try to plasticize everything," Bob Werner said. "They'll take a novel and give it to you, all wrapped up in a neat little box. They have it all packaged for you, with all of the emotion gone."

"The women's oppression in the high schools is terrible," Chris Anderson said. "All they want to do is fit the girls into secretarial slots."

And others had briefer comments:

"The schools are too repressive."

"In the study halls, there are three 'guards' marching around. It's supposed to be very important that no one makes a sound. At the same time, the construction workers right outside the window are going rat-a-tat-tat."

"All of the kids are into football games and cheerleading and clothes and that sort of thing."

"It's sitting in exactly the same seat in exactly the same row every day, staring at exactly the same teacher."

It seemed strange in a way, listening to them tell about how bad the Madison public schools are.

Madison schools have always been among the most progressive and most liberal in the county. They have nearly everything. Lenient rules, huge curriculums, fancy equipment, beautiful facilities.

Many people say that the Madison schools are the best in the state. And Rita and Jim and Bob and Chris say the Madison schools are terrible.

A lot of young people are saying that. Some 90 of them have quit the public schools and joined one of the three 'free high schools' in Madison. Their parents are paying heavy tuitions — from \$450 to \$750 a year — so that they can leave a school system that might be the best in the state

Progressive

That's part of the message that the young people in the free schools are trying to yell out. Around the rest of the state, schools are working on plans to somehow, some day, be as good as Madison. And these young people are saying: Don't bother. Quit wasting your time on all the tricks and gimmicks and fancy equipment and modular schedules. That isn't enough. Start thinking about the whole concept of education.

"They told us that Memorial was going to be such a new thing," one student said. "It turned out that it was the same as the rest, only fireproof."

You get the same sort of comment when you talk to the kids who aren't in free schools — the kids who are in public schools, but wish they weren't.

The ones at East talk about toilet stalls that don't have doors and a heavily-censored newspaper and a lack of Independent Study courses and a principal whose main role in life seems to be informing the world that East Is No. 1.

(We'll have a separate story honoring East High next week.)

A boy at LaFollette talks about the time everyone was told they couldn't leave the building during lunch hour. According to the rumor, this was done on the request of the man from Donutland.

A girl at Verona tells about the futile attempts to tell it like it is in the Verona school newspaper.

And a girl at Orchard Ridge tells about the time she was placed in 'solitary confinement' because her dress was white. (We'll get to that one a little later.)

They ask for a kind of education that's based more on what the students want and need. An education in which the students have more to say about things than the man from Donutland.

And the teachers at the 'free schools' agree with them. For instance, Madge Klais of Co-operative Free School, has received a long list of educational honors, awards, degrees, and scholarships. She received her teaching certificate at the University of Michigan last spring, but now she's decided not to teach in public schools after all. Explaining this, she wrote:

"I was a successful student in the traditional American school system. But I was also an unhappy one, because I often studied to please others, rather than myself... I loved to learn, so I endured boring chemistry teachers and rigid study schedules and depressing textbooks in order to experience working on the school newspaper and to learn the fundamentals of poetry. The equivalent of what I learned in high school could have been learned in one semester, rather than eight."

Buddy Rogers is another example. He was 30 years old, with four years of teaching experience and a Master's Degree, when he came to Memorial High School last year. He was enthusiastic about it — he'd heard that Memorial is the best there is.

Buddy told the students to refer to him by his first name, and told them they could grade themselves.

"You could hardly say that those were revolutionary things. But you wouldn't believe the amount of energy I had to waste defending that in front of administrators and department heads."

He says it isn't the kids who complain that they are being hurt — The kids don't realize what's happening to them. "It's really frightening to see how beautifully-programmed some of them are."

And so at the end of the school year Buddy Rogers quit his job at Memorial (approximately \$8,000 a year) and took a job at MCS (approximately \$2,430 a year).

(turn to page 20, col. 1)



atmosphere of ideas and thoughts and art and gentle affluence.

These second generation hip are beautiful, gentle people. They've spent their lives in an exciting, loving environment. They smile a lot and laugh a lot. And a 4-foot-tall 13 year old can sit on the grass and explain to you the answers to life.

All of this is fine enough. But it still leaves an important question: Certainly, free schools are the answer for these people. But would they be the answer for Joe Glurrg, whose main concern in life is ripping off some nifty fluorescent dice for his rear view mirror?

There's no way of knowing right now. But the experimental school being planned by the School of Education might provide some answers.

The school will have a lot of Ford Foundation money, so the tuition will be only \$25 a month, and for half the students there will be no tuition at all. As a result, a concerted effort will be made to have a real cross-section of students.

That may provide the answer as to just what a free school can and can't accomplish.

In the meantime, all that's known is that free schools can be a very good thing for the beautiful people, the gentle people, the people who don't like it when disembodied voices begin shouting commands out of wall speakers.

What about accreditation? Will any of the students be able to get into college?

Last year, Milwaukee Independent School sent letters to various colleges and universities, explaining their school, and asking what chance their students would have of being accepted in college. The replies were surprisingly encouraging.

"The better the college, the more encouraging they were," one MCS staffer said.

Many state-supported schools were aloof. They said that college acceptance would pretty much depend on ACT and SAT tests.

But the prestige colleges were enthusiastic. Harvard said that they preferred people from free high schools.

Many people, of course, get very excited about whether or not a high school is accredited by North Central Teachers Association. So some of the free schools wrote to North Central and asked what it takes for accreditation. North Central sent back a truly incredible booklet.

Crammed into that booklet are all the things that a high school must do if it wants to be a 'nice' school, an accredited school. The principal must have 45 hours of graduate work and the teachers must have certificates and libraries must have 2,500 volumes plus 8 volumes for each student over 200 students.

For instance, one rule grows: "Credit earned in attendance at National Music Camps cannot be counted toward meeting high school graduation requirements."

But then it offers an important option: "It is up to the individual school to decide whether or not to record credit for this type of work on the Activities Record."

And another rule states: "A member school seeking approval for an experiment involving departure from the 'Policies and Criteria' of the Commission should require that the State Chairman provide them with a Report of Experimentation form; this complete form is then sent to the State Committee for approval."

And you might say that that's what the free schools are all about. A bunch of bright young people who don't feel like spending their lives asking the Commission for Report of Experimentation forms.

Street walkers of old Milwaukee: the days of private parlors

By Jean Dorheim

Milwaukee—A lot of people over 30 seem to believe that "the new morality" really is new: one more diabolical invention of the dimly perceived and even more dimly understood young.

To think so, as most under-thirties fully realize, is to fly in the face of history. Even in Wisconsin, where guardians of the public decency seem to outnumber ordinary mortals three to one, extra-marital sex has been around a long, long time.

In 1889, for instance, Rochester and Taylor Publishers brought out "The Sporting and Club House Guide to Milwaukee," a booklet distributed by hansom cab drivers to traveling men at the railroad depot.

The Guide was priced at 50 cents. It purported to contain "a complete list of all the first class Sporting and Club Houses in the city." According to its preface, its object was "to furnish strangers and others a correct guide as to the best and reliable places where one can go in perfect safety. We have put in only cards of the best, and have said nothing of the inferior."

First among "the best", Miss Gertie Clifton advertised "Thirteen Boarders" and "Wine and Beer". These earthy attractions, however, ran second to cultural influence—if the amount of space accorded them is a guide. Today, when sex appeal is the sales gimmick for everything from safety razors to automobiles, it is interesting to note that Nature used to be packaged in Art.

"The furnishings" of Miss Gertie's "five parlors" were described as "simply magnificent; to say they are bowers of elegance is

putting it mildly. (The) private parlors are finished in embossed satin of delicate shades with real Venetian tapestry. The famous Italian band are in regular attendance, furnishing the finest music to be had in the city."

Miss Gertie had plenty of competition. In

the same block (the 500 block of River Street), Miss Georgia Hitchcox provided "Ten Boarders" and "Wine and Beer" in an establishment "large and furnished throughout from cellar to garret in the most luxurious way that wealth can provide.

"No one," Miss Georgia claimed, "ever calls here and goes away dissatisfied."

Nearby Miss May Minton held forth in a house "detached and in a good neighborhood, handsomely furnished and in the most modern style." She had only eight "Boarders", but she could boast of "walls adorned with lovely drawings and paintings, one of them being a life size crayon of the justly celebrated Italian virgin, 'Generva'.

In the music room a splendid instrument is presided over by a very talented professor."

Miss May's boarders received special mention if only as an afterthought:

"(They) are the most interesting in the city, while for modesty and politeness they cannot be excelled."

Best known of Milwaukee's hostesses was probably Kittie Williams, still mentioned with affectionate nostalgia by senior—and male—citizens.

zens. Miss Kittie, according to the Guide, was "so well and favorably known that her own reputation speaks best for her. Her establishments (two in number)" were "in a very quiet neighborhood," and the larger one was "the finest of its kind in the city."

Like contemporary periodicals, the Guide subsisted only partly on its sales. Among the advertisers listed were "Dr. LaVine's Sure Preventive", a patent medicine; the Novelty Shooting Gallery; Jas. Mulhall's Saloon; and "Public Buildings and Theaters", a list including the City Hall, the County Jail, and the Academy of Music.

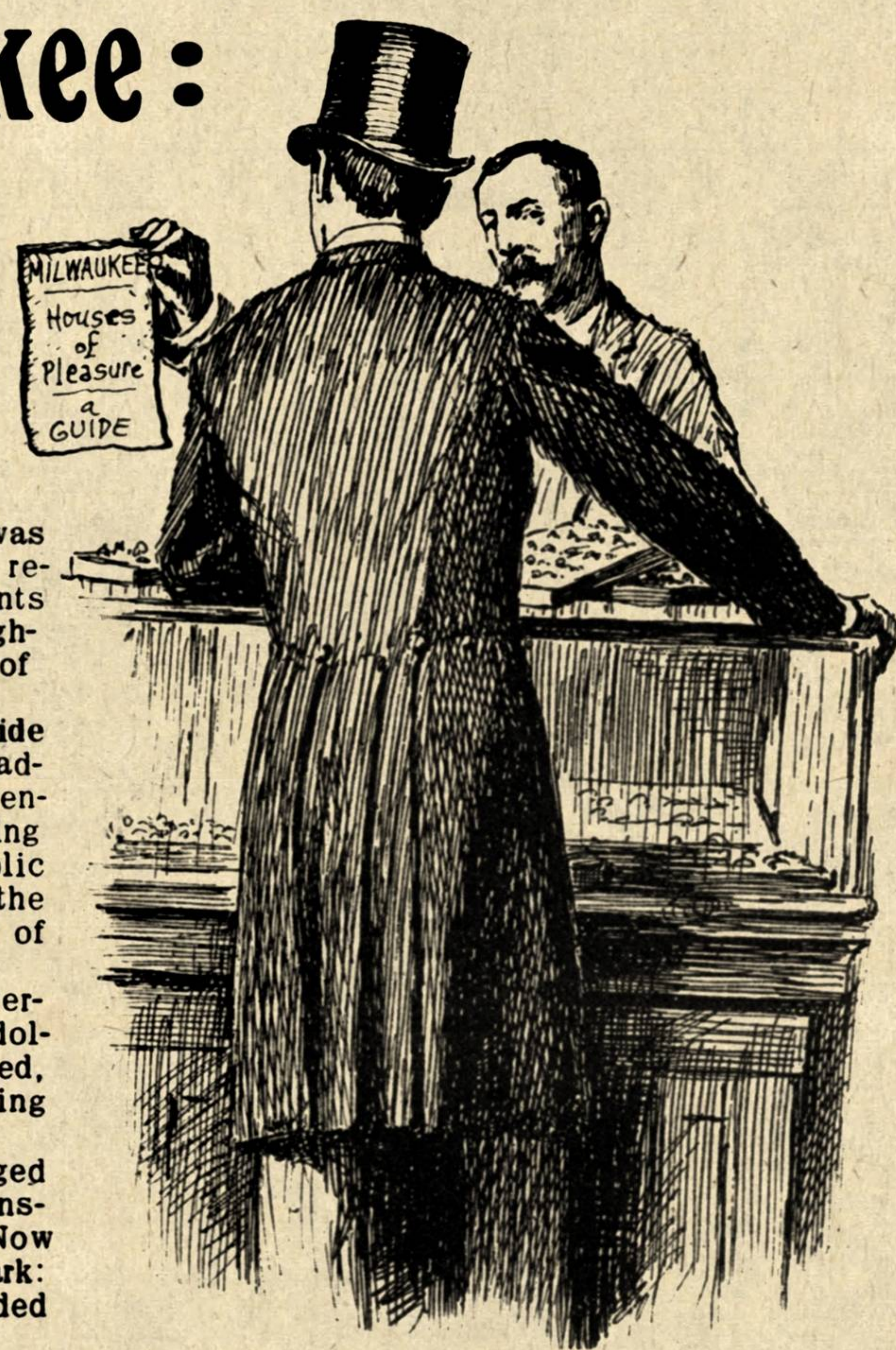
Hacks, cabs and carriages were also advertised. A two-horse rig could be had for eight dollars a day, and every passenger was "allowed, without extra charge, one trunk and traveling bag."

Human diversions aside, much has changed since those "Gaily, Gaily" days, from transportation to public relations tactics. But now readers of the Guide may discover one landmark: a single page at the back of the book, headed "Colored".

Miss Jackie Hunter did business in that same busy block on River Street. She offered Beer and Cigars, and seven "Boarders" at an address described as "the only first-class colored house in the city, being neatly furnished throughout."

The last line of that page reads:

"P.S.—No colored gentlemen admitted."



Schools...

(from page 19, col. 2a)

In short, Buddy Rogers is trying to tell educators that the best they have — Madison Memorial High School — still isn't good enough.

But before things get too serious, let's tell about the girl and the white dress.

White Dress Incident

Mary Chils is a cute, round-faced eighth-grader at Orchard Ridge High School, with short hair and shaggy bangs. (She has short hair because one night a policeman picked her up on a curfew charge and told her parents that a nice girl would have her hair cut. But that's another story.)

One day she came to school in a new white dress. It wasn't a particularly short or revealing dress. But it was white, and the teacher decided that it looked a little like a T-shirt.

The principal decided that you couldn't have anyone in class in a dress that looked a little like a T-shirt. He called Mary's home, but everyone was leaving for work. Mary lived five miles away, and it was too far to walk.

This was a dilemma. He had a girl in a dress that looked a little like a T-shirt, and nothing he could do about it. Finally, he came up with a solution. There was a very small little empty room. Mary had to sit in the room.

She stayed in that room all day long, reading Tom Sawyer and writing a manuscript entitled 'My Crime.' A friend even had to bring in a lunch for her.

"The funny thing was that it was my sister's dress. A little later we tie-dyed it and she wore it to school and nobody said anything. I guess they just didn't like it because it was white."

Plastic enterprise morality system

By Mike Hughes

This is a brief story about plastic balls, plastic bats, little red helmets, and the role of morality in the modern free enterprise system. It's entirely true.

I'll start at the beginning:

I often like to hit plastic baseballs with a plastic baseball bat. I find this very fulfilling.

So at the beginning of the summer, I purchased an excellent set containing one bat and one ball. I was ready to go.

Approximately one week later, the ball was badly cracked. I went to the store to buy another one. The man at the store said the only way I could get one was to buy a set containing a ball and a bat.

And that was the problem:

1) Plastic bats are unbreakable. They can be passed from generation to generation.

2) Plastic balls last approximately one week.

3) You can't buy a plastic ball without buying another plastic bat.

The effect of it all is staggering. Eventually, I could be overwhelmed by an apartment full of plastic baseball bats.

So I searched the store carefully. Eventually I managed to find a plastic ball that didn't have a bat attached to it. I took it to the check-out clerk.

The check-out clerk couldn't emotionally adjust to the fact that the ball didn't have a price tag on it. She called Toys and Games.

Toys and Games scoured his department for ten minutes until he fi-

nally came up with the bat that was supposed to go with the ball. I had to buy them together, he said.

I tried another store, with no luck. A salesclerk there was sympathetic, though. "You know why they do it that way, don't you?" he said. "They want to make you buy useless things you don't want, so they can make more money."

Naturally, I didn't honor this comment with a reply. Everyone knows that business is the moral fiber of America.

The salesclerk pointed to a shelf. "Some of them go even further. This company even makes you buy a batting helmet."

He was telling the truth. You couldn't buy a ball without also buying both a bat and a little red plastic batting helmet. And the batting helmet would be useless to me for three reasons:

1) I don't need one, because plastic balls don't hurt.

2) They didn't have one in my size.

3) There would be an undermining in public confidence if people saw a newspaper reporter wearing a little red helmet.

After more searching, I eventually found the best deal available. It was a set containing a bat and four plastic balls.

It was an improvement, but not much of one. The basic problem is still there. All my dreams of prosperity and financial security disappearing in an endless sea of unwanted plastic baseball bats.

Three years late...

Recognition comes to J B Lenoir

It's a scratchy record. Even on the best of equipment, it is hard to pick out words or even instrumental work.

It's "electronically re-recorded to simulate stereo," and it sounds terrible.

On top of that, it is a very pri-



mitive, basic thing which is crude in its wording and playing.

But with all that, it's an excellent record—and it is about all we have.

Thanks to John Mayall, the work of J.B. Lenoir has been released on an album.

It's called J.B. LENOIR (Crusade/Polydor 24-4011).

On it is the works of a black Mississippi and Chicago bluesman, preserved and promoted by an English artist.

The sound on the album, is, to say the least, primitive. That's being charitable. Mayall took old tapes from Lenoir's recording sessions and gave them to the engineers at Polydor. They must have shuddered.

But they did the best they could and preserved some excellent work.

J.B. Lenoir died in 1967, but before he died from the effects of an auto accident, he wrote and recorded protest songs about Vietnam, the plight of his people, and the blues.

Through the scratchings, specific words and music can be gleaned.

Such as "Down in Mississippi: "I was a lucky man, got away with my life."

"Shot on James Meredith: " Mr. President, what you gonna do now, I don't believe you gonna do nothing at all. Marchin' through Mississippi, leading my people in what he thought was right."

Or in "Vietnam Blues": "Please help my brother in Vietnam. Oh how you cry about peace. But you gotta clean your house before you leave."

THE BUGLE-AMERICAN'S ANNUAL TRICIA NIXON CONTEST

The Public Service Department of the Bugle-American has undertaken a contest to help Tricia Nixon find a job.

Please send cards and letters, providing Miss Nixon with suggestions. The suggestions should take into consideration her own personal strong points. (E.g. Miss Nixon is believed to have excellent dental hygiene.)

The best suggestions will be forwarded to her, and will also win some VALUABLE PRIZES:

FIRST PRIZE -- A three minute telephone conversation with Tricia Nixon.
SECOND PRIZE -- A week-end with Tricia Nixon.

According to the current vagrancy statutes, Miss Nixon could be jailed for six months if she enters the state of Wisconsin. So PLEASE ACT NOW.

Born Dead: "Lord, why was I born in Mississippi. Any black child born in Mississippi, you know that child born dead."

Remember, this was all in the early 60's, when all the white folks were listening to Peter, Paul, and Mary and when protests against the war and even voting registration drives weren't in fashion.

But even with protest songs, J.B. Lenoir was basically a bluesman. He mixed acoustic guitar and electric on the tracks. Seldom was he backed by anyone, and when he was, it was just a drummer or another guitarist.

Lenoir's influence on Mayall is evident on the album. The use of the voice as an instrument is the most

obvious technique that Mayall borrowed from Lenoir. The slurring of words, the quick run offs of phrases and rising-falling vocals are all there.

Interspersed throughout the 16 cuts on the album are interviews with Ella Louise Lenoir, J.B.'s wife.

One quote from her sums up Lenoir's life and luck.

"After the car crash he worked at the university."

"He wasn't playing though."

"No, it was manual labor."

On his album, the Turning Point, Mayall sang, "I'm gonna fight for you, J.B."

He's done a credible job.

'James Gang:' robbery

THE JAMES GANG RIDES AGAIN (ABC/S-711).

Aren't you glad?

In their second, uneagerly awaited album, the gang--Joe Walsh, Jim Fox and Dale Peters--have foisted on the record-buying public a big pile of dross.

Hackneyed work, imperfect work with instruments, flawed junk: they all describe this album.

This group is not distinctive.

They sound like anybody else with a couple guitars and a crummy drum.

The group tries, in one instance to tie an original work To Ravel's "Bolero" and Guaraldi's "Cast Your Fate to the Wind."

They come in a poor third. Fox's drumming on the whole piece is truly dire. He shows no imagination,

and, more important, very little talent.

The last piece on the album: Ashes the Rain and I, should be investigated by some consumer's union.

It is one long piece of tripe. For the song, this pure hype group imported about 50 violins to give a "desired effect."

The "effect" is enough to make a buyer scratch, mutilate or otherwise get rid of the album.

The James Gang has left robbing trains to amateurs. Now they're ripping off record buyers. It is much more sophisticated this way.

(Thanks to Lake St. Station for the albums for review this time. They're nice folks.)

Neil Young's gold rush a flawed venture

Neil Young's latest album, AFTER YIP THE GOLD RUSH could have been another Crosby, Stills, Nash, Young, etc. etc. etc. album.

After all, the record released by Reprise (6363) features the latter group's guiding light, Steve Stills.

But, as he's told his adopted group time and again, Young "is his own man," and does what he wants to do.

And he does, using Stills only for harmonizing and guitar work.

The album suffers for it.

After the Gold Rush is a very mixed, very flawed album.

Yet, in parts, it shows the talent Young has--and that he put to good use in Buffalo Springfield and in C.S.N. and Y.

As it is, the album is a classy effort.

The trouble is, after awhile, Young's quavering tremelo voice wears thin. In harmony with others, Neil's razor thin voice is very good.

But alone, the voice cuts against your nerves like a fingernail pulling against slate.

It's hard to take for a long time and almost impossible to take over the length of the album.

But Neil Young freaks will go for it.

The album is strictly for them.

And for those who can take some torture once in awhile in order to hear some of the great harmony the group can come up with.

When Young lets them.

Read The Bugle-American !!!
see subscription on page 12

A quick look at the holdover movies here

The following is a quick recap of some of the films that have been hanging around Madison for a while, plus one that's back for a second try:

MASH and Catch 22 both take strange, funny, sometimes angry looks at war and the military.

Catch 22 is the bigger of the two -- complete with 10 million dollar budget -- but MASH is the better of the two.

MASH isn't really a satire. It has some satirical moments, but not many. For the most part, it's just good knee-slapper stuff -- a wonderful mix of brilliance and absurdity, of sharp wit and swooping pratfalls.

The pace is incredible. Funny lines and funny sights and pretty pictures whirl by so fast that soon you aren't laughing at any one thing, you're laughing at the whole beautiful

spirit of it all.

It's the sort of film that brooding intellectuals and semi-drunken insurance salesmen will enjoy equally. Which is why it's been here for 17 weeks.

Catch 22 is a flawed giant, a good film with occasional hints of greatness.

It's a long movie, and occasionally the genius of Joseph Heller or Mike Nichols or Alan Arkin emerges.

Only occasionally. Nichols has chosen to splinter the plot into a silly melange of flashbacks, flash-forwards, flashups, flashdowns, and what-not. He's chosen to throw away much of the funny stuff, in favor of good old-fashioned blood and gore.

Catch 22 is a good movie. Its only real sin is that it promised greatness, and delivers it only sporadically.

Airport gives the old folks something to groove on while their kids are over at the Dangle watching Miss Muscle Control.

It's very clean, has a mad bomber, and gives you Burt Lancaster, Dean Martin, and other favorites of little old ladies everywhere.

It's easy enough to say the movie's simply no good, but that wouldn't be true. The plot -- from Arthur Hailey's book -- is excellent. The performances by Van Heflin, Helen Hayes, and Maureen Stapleton, are brilliant. (They'll be around at Academy Award time.)

But that's it for the good stuff. The plot may be good, but the dialogue is terrible. Van Heflin may be good, but Burt Lancaster is Burt Lancaster. And someone should have told the man with the violin that he didn't have to play all the time.

DOWNTOWN...

2001: A Space Odyssey (9) (Orpheum)
Airport (5) (Airport)
Fellini Satyricon (Strand)
How To Succeed With The Opposite Sex (Esquire)
Whirlpool (Majestic)
MASH (10) (Stage Door)

OUTLYING...

Catch 22 (8) (Hilldale)
Joe (Cinema)
Woodstock (10) (Middleton)
The Wild Bunch (7) and Naked Under Leather (Big Sky Drive-in)
Carressed and Games Men Play (Badger Drive-in)

FILM SOCIETIES, etc...

Union (78¢)
Hour Of The Wolf (Sept. 17-20)
Devil By The Tail (Sept. 24-27)
Green Lantern (604 University Ave.)
Our Man in Havana (Sept. 16,17)
8 and 10:05; 65¢
A Shop On Main Street (75¢)
Sept. 18,19 -- 8 and 10:20
Sept. 20 -- 9 p.m.
Fertile Valley (1127 University Ave)
(7 and 9 p.m.; 75¢)
Foreign Correspondent (Sept. 17)
The Lady From Shanghai (Sept. 20)
Scarface (Sept. 21)
Testament of Dr. Mabuse (Sept. 22)
Other (1127 University Ave)
Four Laurel and Hardy Goodies (Sept. 16; 7 and 9; 60¢)

2001: A Space Odyssey is back for a brief stay.

Once again, people can argue about whether it's a towering triumph or an awful bore.

But nearly everyone agrees on one thing -- it's worth seeing.

Be patient with it. Sit quietly through the slow parts, wait for the good parts. There are moments in this movie that you'll never forget.

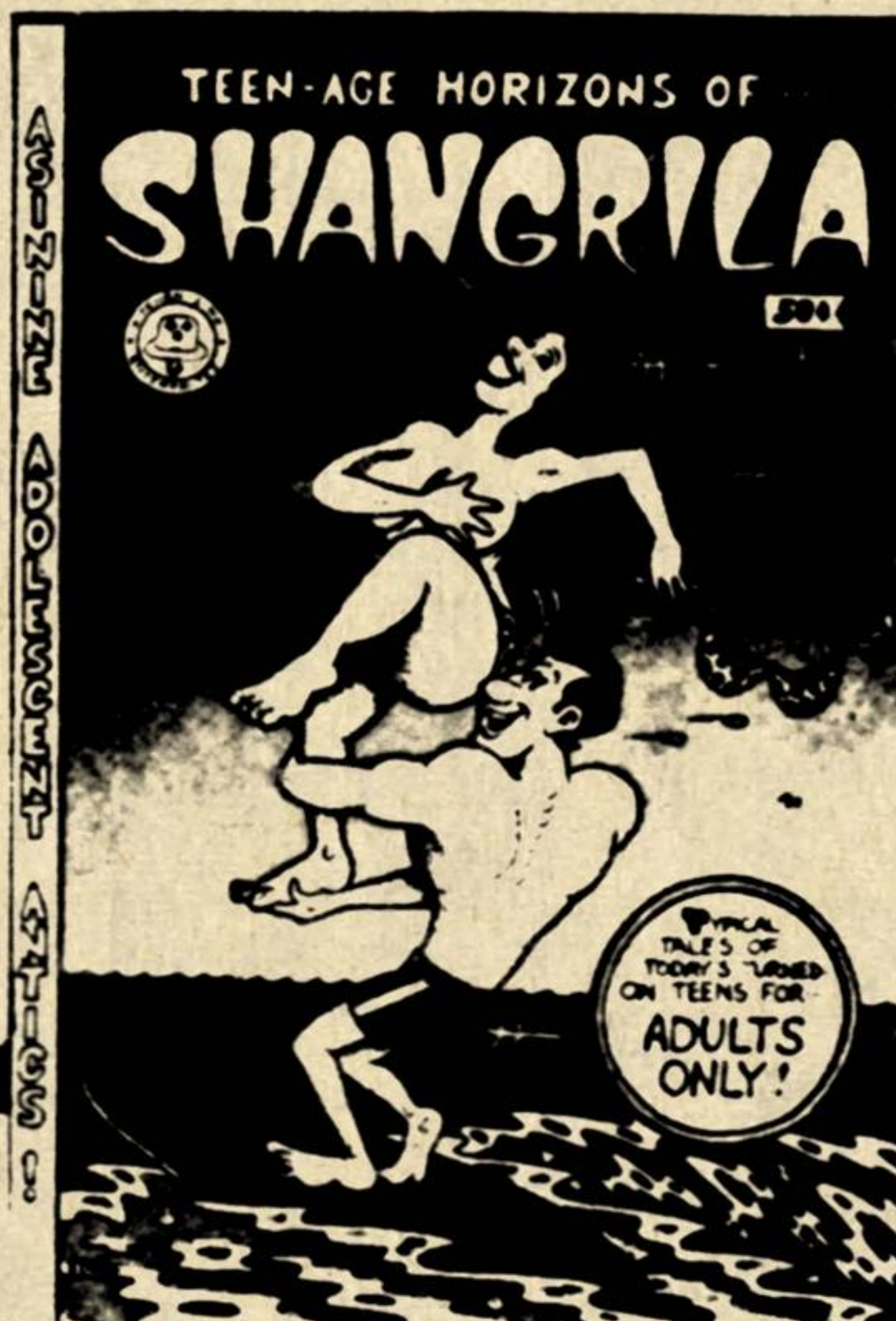
More on next page

New Underground Comix!

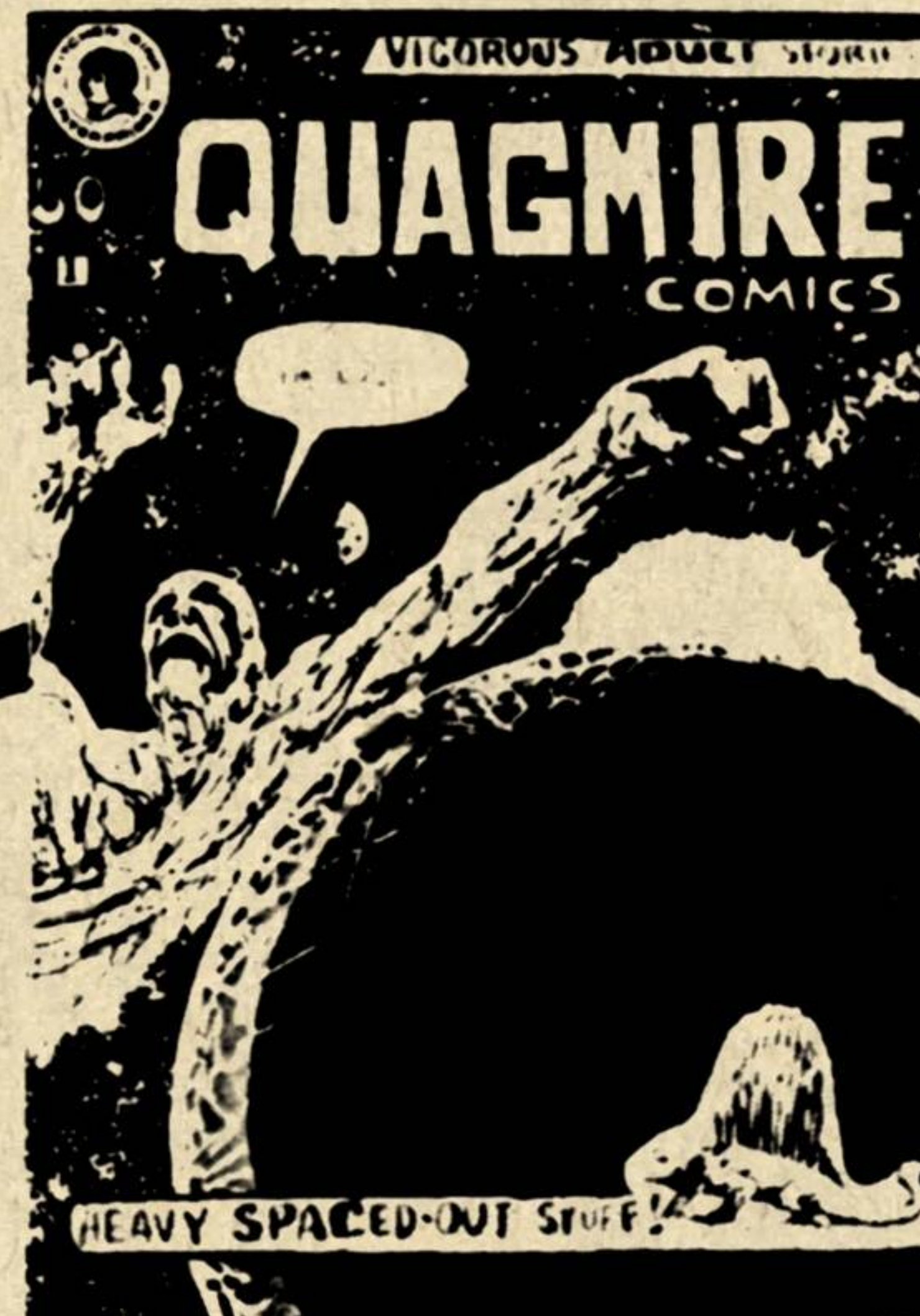
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Welcome to Madison, kids...

This is the week that the freshmen come to Madison.

They come from places like Waupaca and Wautoma and Wauwautosa and Waupun and Weyauwega. They're wide-eyed, pure, and eager to learn.

Their parents have handed them a gym bag full of cookies and sandwiches, patted them on the head, whispered wise advice ("Don't forget to read the Badger Herald, dear"), and hoped for the best. Wisconsin's finest young people are coming to Madison.

And Madison is ready for them, with the following:

- 1) How To Succeed With The Opposite Sex
- 2) Whirlpool ("She died with her boots on. And not much else!" A Jerry Gross Production.)
- 3) The Dangle Lounge and Miss Muscle Control.

The kids will never know what hit them.

The porno films are relatively new to Madison.

For instance, the Esquire opened last year with hard tickets, ushers in little gold suitcoats, Funny Girl, and an aura of upper middle class opulence.....This week it's showing How to Succeed with the Opposite Sex.

And the sign at the Majestic used to say, 'Madison's Art Film Theatre.' Last week a sign said: 'The Seducers. Wide screen and blushing color. Now!'

Now! Golly gee.

The porno films have become a sporadic part of Madison's culture scene. And this week there are two of them in town. It's New Student

Week in Madison.

What are the films like? I wasn't able to review the new ones in time for presstime, so I did the next best thing. I took a notebook in my sweaty palm, and went to see The Seducers.

For brevity's sake, I'll summarize the movie:

Tony's mom was upset because Tony wasn't doing it with anyone, so she brought Oola aboard. Then Tony's mom was busy loving Alan's wife, Paula, so Alan loved Oola, thereby running the ship aground. Tony ran away and met the innocent shepherd girl. Alan and Oola followed them (Oola pausing for a brief fling with a mountain goat) and brought them back. Paula and Oola made the innocent shepherd girl beautiful. Then they fell in love with her, simultaneously. The girl's husband came on board to look for her, but fell in love with Paula and Oola, simultaneously. (There was a good deal of love at first sight in this movie.) The girl was so angry that she went and loved Tony, except that he strangled her. This, of course, made it necessary for Paula to shoot the innocent shepherd girl's husband with an elephant gun. The corpses were sent to sea and Tony came upstairs and loved his mom and strangled her too and then a sign said 'The End.'

It was a swell movie.

And at one point last week, it was reportedly the No. 1 box office film in Madison. Move over MASH and Catch 22. Make room for some good stuff.

(Brief note: The alert reader will notice that Alan never did love

Paula. But this was probably because they were married, and didn't want to complicate things.)

The film was filled with sharp dialogue ("Since you came into my room, I don't want to play with my toys any more"), poetic images ("Her skin was like shimmering jewels"), and lots of people loving their fellow man. And woman. And mountain goat.

But you couldn't say the film was completely bad. As in many of the Europeans pornos, its camerawork, direction, and musical score were very good.

And you have to give the writers a little credit. They devised a story that needed only seven people. Bud-



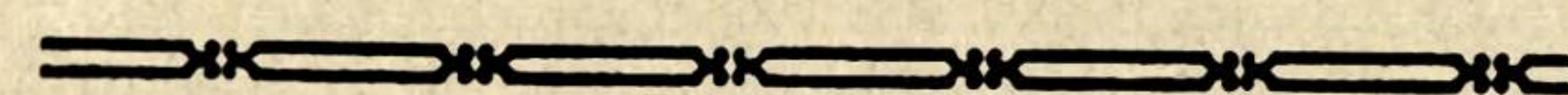
get-wise, porno films are the best thing that ever happened to Italy. Who needs Hercules and a cast of thousands, when America's silent majority is willing to pay 25¢ per exposed breast?

But all-in-all, the script wasn't much. It was filmed in Italian, with English dubbing. The man who did the translation probably learned his English from the bathroom walls of Berlitz Rome.

No one seemed to mind, though. No one even left to get popcorn. People in Madison appreciate good cinematography.

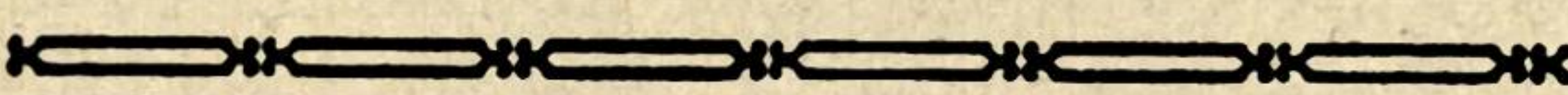
A lot of people appreciate good cinematography. And The Seducers and Whirlpool and How To Succeed with the Opposite Sex are slowly taking over.

And pretty soon the kids from Waupaca and Waupun and Wauwautosa and Weyauwega will be able to write home and say what a super swell groovy keen thing college life is.



(Beginning next week, the Bugle American will review all new movies as they come to town. We weren't able to this week, because of an early deadline.

(The chart on the opposite page lists this week's films, and rates some of them on a 0-10 basis, with 0 low, 10 high, and 5 average.)



Grooving with Freddy Fellini

Sometimes you get the feeling that Freddy Fellini has been watching too many Russ Meyer movies.

Fred's latest film, 'Fellini Satyricon,' is in town now. It gives you another look at Fellini's version of Italian decadence. Which is similar to Sam Katzman's version of Haight-Ashbury. Or Russ Meyer's version of Suburbia.

Fellini fills the screen with folks who keep kissing, maiming, beheading, loving, destroying, and (literally) eating one another.

It goes on like that for some two hours, an endless marathon of the grotesque. So many nasty people are on screen that you would almost welcome the presence of Sandra Dee.

There are good points to the film, of course. Particularly Fellini's brilliant photography.

But even there, the movie has a drawback. The whole thing is in Italian, with English sub-titles. And the viewer misses much of the photographic splendor as he's reading those little words at the bottom.

Anyway, the film continues through its assorted kisses, beatings, beheadings, and the like.

At one point, an old master is busy belching. A wise soothsayer stands nearby, interpreting the meaning of each belch.

And I find myself saying -- Why not let the wise soothsayers at Newsweek

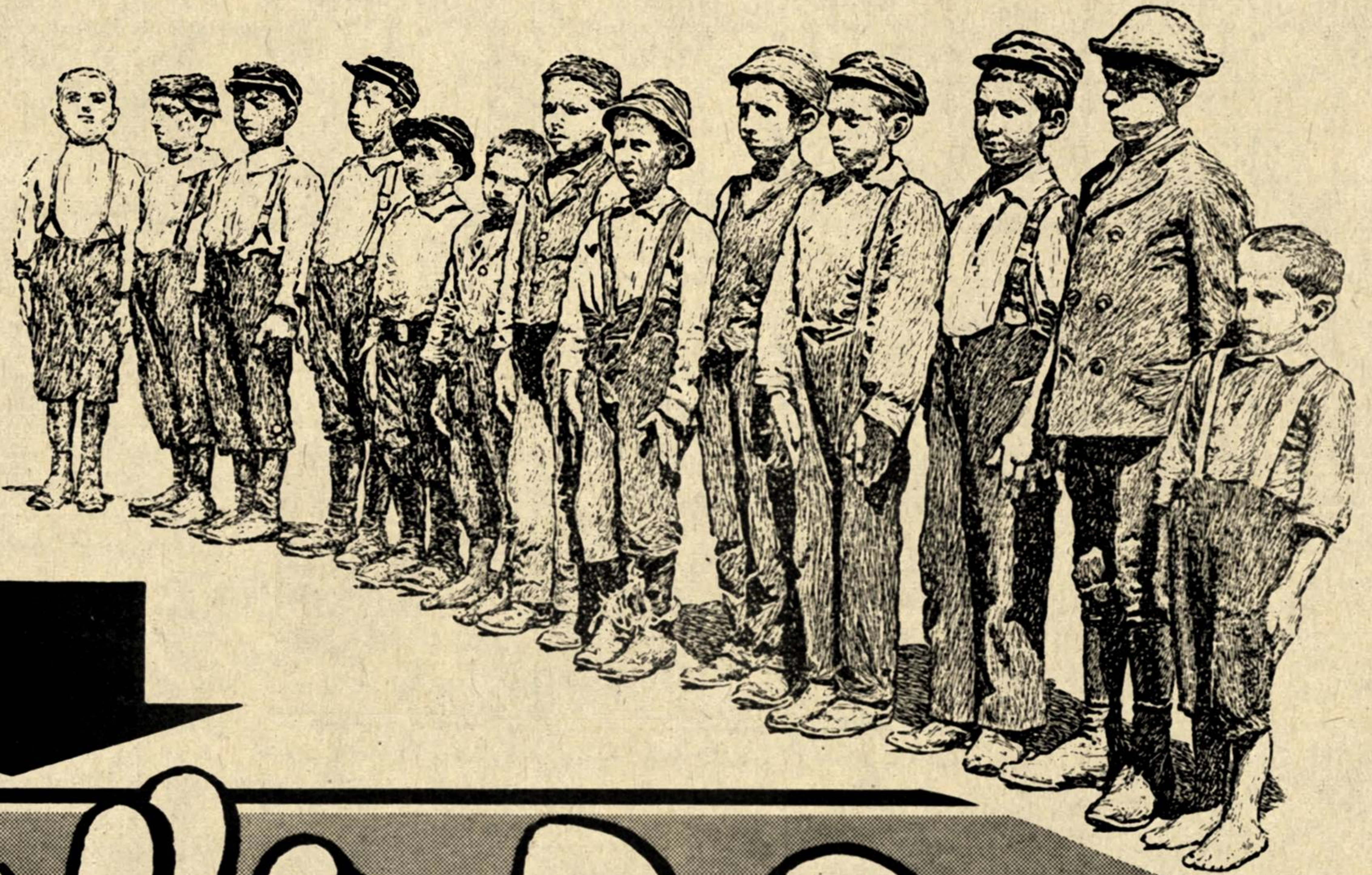
and Time interpret Fellini's belches? After all, they get paid for it.

Still, I can't get off that easy. Everyone knows that Federico Fellini's movies are artistic and meaningful. People who are very intelligent like Fellini movies. People who are very stupid don't like Fellini movies.

So I walk away from the theatre thinking, "golly it sure was a swell show." But I wish I didn't have a funny feeling that I didn't like it at all.

And I wish that little boy in the front row hadn't kept muttering something about the emperor not wearing any clothes. They shouldn't let little boys into artistic and meaningful movies.

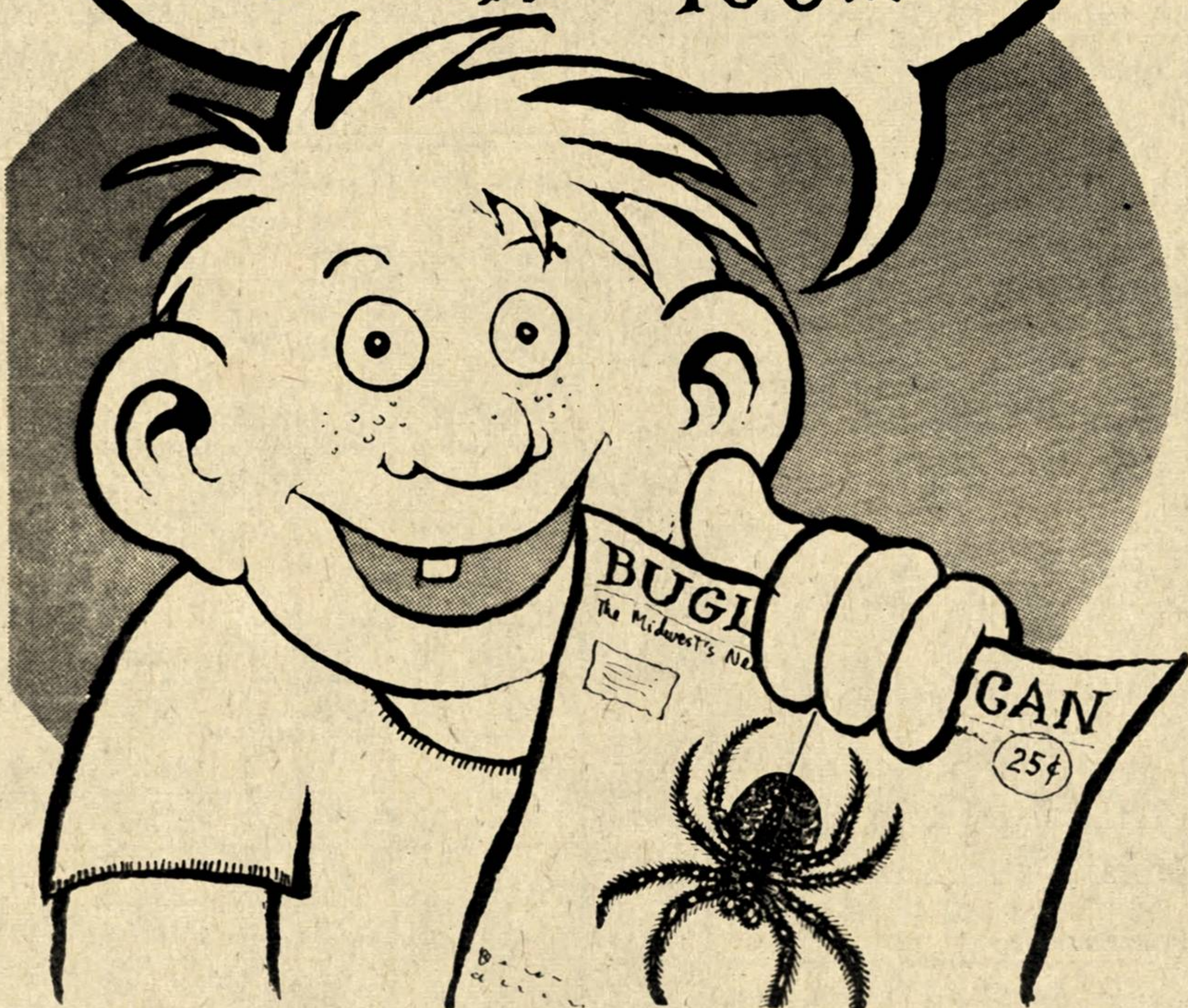
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